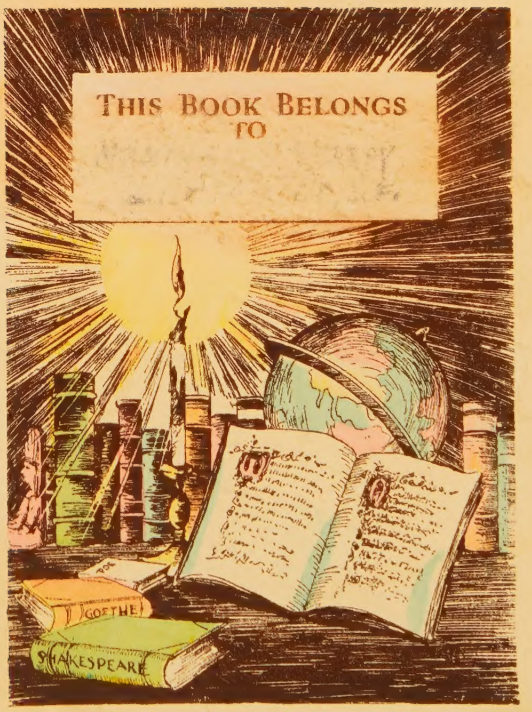
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LAMPS OF GOLD

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By

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PASTOR, FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO
MY FIVE SONS:

ROY MUNN
SAMUEL JUDSON JUNIOR
ANGUS CASWELL
ALEXANDER MUNN
DOUGLASS MCDANIEL

FOREWORD

Many of America's problems grow from the fact that we often lose sight of our proper attitude one to another. We need to get back to these right relations. For this we need faith and the courage that faith can give—faith both in God and in man. It is this which has ever lifted the world in its steep ascent. It still is the inspiration of the world in which we live. For this faith, for the great uplifting ideas and ideals, the Bible is still the great source. The roots of the best in our life are struck deep in its soil. We shall make real progress only as we advance in the finer things of the spirit—in faith and fellowship, in regard for the rights and welfare of others, in reverence and hope and friendliness. These things are attainable as the gospel of goodwill is applied to the affairs of daily life. This volume of sermons, most of which I heard delivered, is a cross-section from the preaching of a man with a message for our times. His preaching in our Capital City has been a lamp of steady flame, and his friends believe that in the publication of this book his light will shine with a farther glow. The message herein set forth should prove a worthy contribution to the spread of brotherliness, a building up of all the nobler confidences in life.

JAMES J. DAVIS

Department of Labor,
Washington, D. C.

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LAMPS OF GOLD

WHEN THE GOLDEN LAMPS BURN

"And thou shalt make a candlestick of pure gold. . . . And thou shalt make the seven lamps thereof; and they shall light the lamps thereof, that they may give light over against it."—*Ex.* 25:31, 37.

"Command the children of Israel, that they bring unto thee pure oil olive beaten for the light, to cause the lamps to burn continually."—*Lev.* 24:2.

"Let your light so shine before men."—*Matt.* 5:16.

The "holy candlestick" adorned the tabernacle built by Moses. Its seven lamps, according to Josephus, stood all in one row, in imitation of the seven planets. It was said to be five feet high and to weigh not less than one hundred and twenty pounds. In Solomon's temple, instead of one, there were ten candlesticks similar to this original design. These were taken to Babylon, as spoil, by Nebuzaradan, the conqueror. In the temple of Zerubbabel there was again a single candlestick. It was taken from the Herodian temple by Titus and carried immediately before him in triumph to Rome. The influence of this ancient piece of furniture extends through the Old and the New Testaments, and reaches to the art and literature of modern times, as appears in Ruskin's "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" and in "The Seven Lamps of Fiction," a brilliant lecture delivered by Goldwin Smith on the centenary of Sir Walter Scott. If the seven

lamps of this candlestick were daily supplied with pure beaten oil of olive that they might burn continually in the sanctuary, as many may be lighted today whose golden flames should burn with perpetual brightness in every church of Jesus Christ.

The Lamp of Progress

"These are the times that try men's souls." Thomas Paine began "The Crisis" with these words, which became a battle cry in America during the period of the Revolution. They apply with fresh meaning today. Our vast material prosperity adds new tests of the spirit. It remains to be shown how well the soul fiber of this generation is going to stand the strain—whether "men decay" as "wealth accumulates." One night Dan Crawford sat in his African hut and recited to a Bantu the wonders of England—water flowing from pipes, electric lights, automobiles, big ships, railway trains. When the inventory was completed, the Bantu said slowly and gravely, "Well, Mr. Crawford, you know to be better off is not to be better." Was he right? Some one has described how they used to go to church in the country—

> "on dingy wagons trailed by dust,
> Slow jolting to the platform at the door,
> Women alight and enter, while the men
> Tie sweating teams to the much-gnawed hitching posts."

They go faster now—when they do go—but when they get there, do they accomplish more? Are we better

by being better off? Are our souls in the lead, or being left to trail shabbily in the rear? On and on toward the lead of the thundering herd, wildly stampeding toward the rocky gulch, the cowboys in the West urge their ponies and gradually turn the panic stricken cattle from a suicidal plunge to safety on the far-reaching plains. The place of the Church is in the vanguard of progress. Its duty is to point out some Christian way for modern society and then lead therein. This age of progress is our heritage. We cannot stop the process, nor indeed ought we to try to do so, for, after all, the whole thing, the material and the power to use it, is our gift, our charge from God.

"Wondrous day to be alive in, when with furious might and main,
God is fashioning the future on the anvil horns of pain."

The police officer who directs the crowded traffic stands in the middle of the street. We can, and must if we are to do our duty, guide our age, first seeking our own Guide and following him. We must guide the forces of progress, and not back away from them. Lecky was right in declaring that "few greater calamities can befall a nation than the severance of its higher intelligence from religious influence." An equal calamity would be the severance of our fabulous industrial advancement from the influence of religion. Though rich and schooled, ours is a spiritually famishing world which we are commissioned to feed. When Israel journeyed in the wilderness to "search out a resting place," the ark of the covenant was carried

before them. Religion was in the lead then—it ought still to go on before.

The Lamp of Reverence

The sense of God is needful. The ancient Jew feared to tread on a piece of paper lest it contain the name of Jehovah, and would not so much as pronounce the awesome word lest he take it upon unclean lips. The sense of awe is too delicate to be trifled with. The slightest breach of reverence easily ends in profanation. In the only place in the Old Testament where the Seraphim are mentioned, these mystical and mighty creatures encircling the throne, are crying continually, "Holy, Holy, Holy," and before the dazzling splendor of God they cover their faces with their wings. In them the consciousness of God was supreme. Without this the mystery and the wonder and the worship of life are reduced to a mean level. Reverence for his Word, his day, his house departs. The holy ordinances are lightly regarded and the entire equipage of religion falls into ridicule. Such irreverence results in discounting humanity, followed by disrespect for marriage and the sanctity of the family. Then comes disloyalty and disregard for law. Our times show a distressing lack of reverence in the churches. Slang and jest in the pulpit, with frivolous music to match, have been as "the offering of strange fire before the Lord." In many places set apart for worship conviviality has left little room for devotion and spiritual worship. The flame from the lamp of reverence is often flicked out by a gust of thoughtless merriment.

Isaiah saw "the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple." In the nineteenth chapter of Leviticus the laws governing the most intimate human relationships are urged on this one ground: "Ye shall be holy: for I the Lord your God am holy"; and the term, "I am the Lord your God," is repeated sixteen times! Thus the holiness of God is made the ultimate ground of human obligation.

The Lamp of Spirituality

Nothing can take the place of spirituality in the churches. Creeds, ordinances, programs are lifeless lamps unless the Spirit brings illumination. But this lamp will burn in the sanctuary only as the pure and beaten oil is supplied for it through the consecration of the people. It is a costly contribution but the light which is given is brilliant. One of the prophets had a vision of the lamps burning on the golden candlestick; the oil for them was furnished through golden pipes which emptied the golden oil out of the living olive branches that stood by the Lord of the whole earth. Regard ourselves as the golden pipes, and let us have a care that the golden flow shall not be stopped nor the golden lamps cease to burn. There is much current talk about revival. A danger is imminent that we shall retain the language of revival and talk about that which has no existence except in imagination. Revivals may not be made to order. The tactics of big business do not apply to the operations of the Holy Spirit. True Christianity never long settles down to a fixed institutional regime. Its genius is unfriendly to the idea of

regular output—so much production for so much investment. Its powers cannot be manipulated. Our problem is how to preserve a place for the freedom of the Spirit within the complex dimensions of our modern church organizations.

The Lamp of Prophecy

The most precious privilege of the Church is to mediate the word of life to the world; and this is done mainly through the preachers—prophets who speak for God. The Christian Church shone in a blaze of glory on the Day of Pentecost. For a season there were great preachers, but gradually the prophetic fire burned down; instead of a preacher there was only a priest and soon the world was in darkness. The prophet has always had a tendency to degenerate into the priest, to slide down into the man who merely performs ceremonies, "tithers of mint and anise and cummin." There were great prophets in Israel, but little by little the light of prophecy failed. The men who spoke boldly for God became interested in incense and burnt offerings, and when the last of the prophets departed eclipse came to Palestine. The greatest danger confronting the churches of Christ now is a possible decadence of the pulpit. Let the pulpit decay and the cause of Christ goes into eclipse. Nothing can take the place of preaching. No power under heaven is equal to the power of a Spirit-inspired ministry. The churches are crying out for better preachers. Let them, by prayer, encouragement and a sympathetic spirit, with less of criticism and fewer needless demands on the preacher's

time and strength, keep alive the spirit of prophecy lest a great darkness fall upon the land. Tragic and pitiful were Savanarola's words through the bars of his prison window: "Tell my brothers that the spirit of prophecy has departed from me."

The real preacher is the very flower of church life—the incarnation of its spirit. There never has been a greater need for the prophet's voice than in this hour. Thomas Carlyle wrote of John Knox: "In the history of Scotland I can find properly but one epoch: we may say, it contains nothing of world interest at all but this Reformation by Knox. This prophet of the Scotch is to me no hateful man! He had a sore fight of an existence, a sore fight; but he won it. 'Have you hope?' they asked him in his last hour, when he could no longer speak. He lifted his finger, pointed upward with his finger, and so died. Honor to him! His works have not died." Said John Morley, "The spiritual life of the West burned during all those centuries with the pure flame first kindled by the sublime Mystic of the Galilean hills." Let this pure flame continue to burn in the churches.

The Lamp of Heroism

Upon the walls of a mosque in Bagdad is inscribed the motto: "What a man believes he will die for; what a man thinks he will change his mind about." The implication is that the faith which means the most blessed life in you will thrust its theories and themes upon you, even to the consuming of your energies in its behalf. Do we believe our religion, or do we

merely think about it? Some of the cities of Continental Europe are famed for their broad and pleasant boulevards, where often in the summer twilight, beneath a sky of fading rose, lights twinkle through the trees and music trembles on the air for the delight of the gayety-loving throngs. Do you know what "boulevard" means? It is the same as "bulwark." These haunts of pleasure were constructed on the sites of disused fortifications. Vested now with charm and frivolity, once they were the scenes of warfare and death. Ground once reddened with the blood of heroes has become the resort of voluptuaries. The battlefield has become the playground. Where a former age fought a present age frolics. The Via Dolorosa has become the primrose path. Such is our danger. We are prone to forget, to loiter. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me." The word cross in the New Testament never occurs in the plural, though we talk much about crosses, meaning thereby anything that runs counter to our inclinations; but the word "cross" never means anything quite so meager as that. In the Bible it means always just one thing, and that is death. When under the Roman rule a man was sentenced to crucifixion, he was forced to carry his cross to the place of crucifixion. Our Master bore his cross to Golgotha. Hear him saying, "Let him take up his cross and follow me." That is a death sentence. The new life begins only with the death of the old life. Christ insists on the same law of sacrifice which we have seen over and over in nature—a higher life attained through the death of the lower life, promotion

through sacrifice. Do we dare to be heroic in religion today? Is the lamp of heroism burning in our churches?

The Lamp of Fellowship

No one can live without fellowship, unless he be like the woman in the story of "Stamboul Nights," who lived alone in a house of mirrors, where she satisfied her cravings for company by a thousand reflections of herself. It was his longing for fellowship that explains Robinson Crusoe's thrill when he discovered Friday's tracks in the sand on his desert island.

> "I will not shut me from my kind,
> And, lest I stiffen into stone,
> I will not eat my heart alone."

Fellowship is one of the noblest words in the Christian vocabulary. "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship: and truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son, Jesus Christ." The meanings of this fellowship are rooted in the gospel's very heart. To know the source of it we need only turn to the cross which is pictured vividly by one of our own Christian hymnists. "See," he says, "See, from his head, his hands, his feet!" What does he bid us see? Not merely physical blood, but the life-blood of the soul. He sees "sorrow and love flowing"—he sees it "flowing mingled down." It is the sorrow of God, the love of God—flowing down before the eyes of men—flowing down in the red life-blood of Jesus, his Son and our Saviour.

"Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

When love like that is "shed abroad in our hearts," it will not be hard to maintain fellowship. "All the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another." Many a church has lost its usefulness and its power to win because torn with internal strife and paralyzed by foolish feuds. The Spirit is quenched. The flame is extinguished. Much time has been wasted in the divisive and unfruitful discussion of trivialities to the tragic neglect of the entreaty that "nothing should be done through strife and vain glory," but that "in lowliness of mind each should esteem others better than himself," striving to have in him a larger measure of the mind of Christ. Too often wranglers have wrested the lamp of fellowship from its central place in the sanctuary, leaving an Egyptian darkness, "even darkness which may be felt."

Physically men are ever coming closer together, and unless they have spiritual fellowship these multiplying social contacts must of necessity result in increasing conflict and peril. The world we live in is a sad one. Hearts everywhere are longing for a kind response which is denied them. Roland Sill voiced the isolation of many a lonesome soul when he wrote quaintly to a friend: "For my part I long to fall in with somebody. This picket duty is monotonous. I hanker after a friendly shoulder on this side and on the other." Multitudes are wretched because misunderstood, thousands

are lonesome because nobody seems to care, and countless lives are going to waste because there is wanting the sympathetic touch. "This commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God love his brother also."

"For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind."

The Lamp of Eternity

"I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great Ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright;
And round beneath it, time, in hours, in days, in years,
Driven by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved, in which the world
And all her train were hurled."

Then in his poem Henry Vaughn goes on to tell how the world and humanity, in its greatness and smallness, how it all looked in this pure and endless Light. In truth things do take on a different hue when seen in such a light. Through an aperture in the dome of the Academy of Science in Washington a ray of sunlight falls into an analyzing spectroscope. The rays thus admitted and dispersed, the solar spectrum is produced whose wonderful brilliance and beauty are easily studied by admiring observers. Every church should similarly receive and disperse the Light of Eternity, yielding a celestial spectrum to be looked upon by all who come, while brightening their hearts and illumi-

nating their paths and their problems. In Lorado Taft's "Modern Tendencies in Sculpture" I find a sentence that carries a meaning for every church: "What the world of sculpture needs is to get back into its work the hint of eternity."

In Ecclesiastes there is a passage which reads, "He hath set the world in their heart." The marginal rendering is, "He hath set eternity in their heart." God has set the consciousness of eternity in the heart of every man, and he has set it very deep. Men are not so smothered by what we call progress that they do not at times crave light on the weighty questions of life, here and hereafter. Victor Hugo in his old age said, "I feel in myself the future life; winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart." In the last paragraph of "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" Ruskin says, "I have paused, not once or twice, as I wrote, and the thought has crossed me, how soon all architecture may be vain, except that which is not made with hands." In rebuttal of some of the criticisms of certain cynical scientific friends Louis Pasteur replied, "My philosophy is of the heart and not of the mind, and I give myself up, for instance, to those feelings about eternity that come naturally at the bedside of a cherished child drawing its last breath. At those supreme moments there is something in the depths of our souls which tells us that the world may be more than a mere combination of events due to the gradual action of the forces of nature." Lastly let me call attention to a recent letter by Dr. William Brown, the astute and highly revered lecturer on philosophy in Oxford University. He says, "Those

who think that a disbelief in immortality is justified by science and philosophy are the dupes of their own cleverness or erudition. The advance of science leaves us with the spacious hope, the great adventure." These are expressions of some of the advanced thinkers of the world. These foremost men of science and learning—and the testimony might be multiplied—are thus challenging mankind to the one central arena where the churches of Christ must win their greatest victories—the field of the spirit and the issues of immortality. On these great themes shines the Light of the World who himself "hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." The mighty questions of sin and redemption, of grace and forgiveness, of death and resurrection and judgment and heaven, must command a reverent hearing when presented in the light of eternity which is the light of the revelation of God in Christ Jesus.

THE PERFUME-BEARERS

"Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place."—*II Cor.* 2:14.

Fragrance is an agreeable odor which pleasantly affects the sense of smell—a natural scent, as the fragrance emitted by flowers. Perfume is a sweet smelling substance or mixture prepared to emit a pleasant odor. In the making of perfume fragrance is traced to its sources, is captured, refined, and fitted for specific use.

"Can ye take off the sweetness from the flower,
The color and the sweetness from the rose,
And place them by themselves?"

The history of perfumes is, in some sort, the history of civilization. Records of the earliest tribes reveal the use of perfumes in some form. Joseph was sold by his brethren to a caravan of traders who were "with their camels bearing spicery and balm, going to carry it down to Egypt." The ancient Romans and Greeks made profuse use of perfumes, but Socrates objected to the use of perfumery altogether, saying: "There is the same smell in a gentleman and a slave, when both are perfumed."

Perfumes are utterly useless to the needs of our

physical life. Nevertheless, we possess a faculty that revels in them and brings us the enjoyment of them. This very uselessness deserves our consideration. It must hide some fair and valuable secret. It is evident that sight, hearing, touch and taste are indispensable to our physical welfare, but scent seems to be the only purely luxurious sense that nature has granted us. While it is the keeper of the air we breathe and watches carefully over the quality of food offered for our consumption, its chief function appears to be that of procuring us a gratuitous pleasure, a satisfaction not necessary to our existence. There is evidence which leads us to think that it is being developed on even lines with our civilization. The ancients interested themselves almost exclusively in the heavier, more solid scents, so to speak: musk, benzoin, incense; while the fragrance of the flowers is very seldom mentioned in Greek and Latin poetry or in Hebrew literature.

As this sense becomes more refined, and shall we say, more acute, art and science have combined in the preparation of perfumes to meet its demand. There is reason for making it our study and cultivating its possibilities. Who shall tell the surprises which it would have in store for us if it equalled, for instance, the perfection of our sight as it does in the dog or the deer, which live as much by the nose as by the eyes. In the "Britannica" Dr. Piesse endeavors to show that a certain scale or gamut exists among odors as among sounds, taking the sharp smells to correspond with high notes, and the heavy smells with the low notes. It is also asserted that to constitute properly a bouquet, the odors to be taken should correspond in the gamut

like the notes of a musical chord,—one false note among the odors, as in music, destroying the harmony. It is certainly true that the products of the best perfumers are made upon a scientific basis, namely, the odophone or gamut of odors. We may yet have concerts of odors as we do now of music.

Probably we have here an unexplored world. This mysterious sense, which at first thought appears almost foreign to our physical organism, becomes, perhaps, when more carefully considered, that which enters into it most intimately. Are we not, above all things, beings of the air? Is the air not for us the most absolutely indispensable element; and is not our sense of smell just the one way we perceive some parts of it? Perfumes, which are the jewels of the air, do not adorn it in vain.

It is not surprising, then, that some religious appeal is made to us through this luxurious and almost supersensual faculty. From time immemorial perfume has been largely used in the ceremonies of pagan religions. From a poem found engraved on one of the walls of Karnak it is learned that Rameses II, who lived before the time of the Exodus, exhorted the god Ammon to give him victory in battle because he had sacrificed to the god all manner of "the finest and sweet smelling perfumes." Among the people of Israel perfumes were burned on the altars and otherwise used for ritualistic purposes. The recipe given in the thirtieth chapter of Exodus proves the ancient dignity of the perfumer's art, while its use in anointing the priests, with the tabernacle and its furnishings, illustrates the religious use of perfume: "Moreover Jehovah spake

unto Moses, saying, Take thou also unto thee the chief spices: of flowing myrrh five hundred shekels, and of sweet cinnamon half so much, even two hundred and fifty, and of cassia five hundred, after the shekel of the sanctuary, and of olive oil a hin; and thou shalt make it a holy anointing oil, a perfume compounded after the art of the perfumer." In the same chapter is the formula for compounding the incense which was burned as an offering on the golden altar: "Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte, and onycha, and galbanum; sweet spices with pure frankincense: of each shalt there be a like weight; and thou shalt make of it incense, a perfume after the art of the perfumer, seasoned with salt, pure and holy: and thou shalt beat some of it very small and put of it before the testimony in the tent of meeting, where I will meet with thee." This sweet incense was to be burned upon the golden altar of incense every morning when the lamps were dressed and every evening when the lamps were lighted. Also it was to be burned, on the day of the yearly atonement, in a golden censer, within the veil before the mercy seat, "that the cloud of the incense may cover the mercy seat."

This glimpse at the religious uses of perfume in the olden times should be of help in seeking to understand the references to it in the New Testament, where perfume beautifully symbolizes the things of the spirit.

The Perfume of Holy Living

The metaphor, in the verse quoted at the beginning, is taken from the triumphal procession of a victorious

general. God too is celebrating his triumph over his enemies, one of whom had been Paul, a great opponent of the gospel, but now a captive following in the train of the triumphal procession; yet, at the same time, by a change of metaphor, he is also a perfume-bearer scattering perfume as the procession moves on. Some of the conquered enemies were put to death when the procession reached the Capitol; to them the smell of the perfume was "an odour of death unto death;" to the others who were spared, "an odour of life unto life." Moffatt's translation gives Paul speaking of the knowledge of Christ as "a sweet perfume." What a pregnant and suggestive phrase. There is no other knowledge which you could compare to a perfume. But how different is this knowledge—intangible, indefinable, inexpressible! You can no more describe it than you can describe the odor of jonquils or violets. To a man who lacks the sense of smell how could you describe the fragrance of roses or lavender? To a man without spiritual perception, how would you describe a conversion? Conversion is simply the response of the soul to "the sweet perfume of Christ." How do we smell? Moving through the subtle avenues between the nose and the brain, the odors of the perfume impinge upon our faculties and we perceive them. It is a matter of intimate experience—

"And the smell of the rose went into my blood."

A man then need feel no sense of shame if he is unable to explain the potent spell of that lovelier, fairer odor, the knowledge of Christ, here called "the sweet

perfume of Christ." As Bezaleel, the inspired artificer, under Moses' direction, prepared the holy anointing oil, so the "sweet perfume of Christ" must be compounded in the inner laboratory of the soul where personal experimentation is made of the formulas of life which Christ offers to each individual.

"A Persian fable says: One day
A wanderer found a lump of clay
So redolent of sweet perfume,
Its odour scented all the room.
'Who art thou?' was his quick demand.
'Art thou some gem from Samarcand,
Or spikenard in this rude disguise,
Or costly merchandise?'

'Nay! I am but a lump of clay.'
'Then whence this wondrous sweetness—say?'
'Friend, if the secret I disclose,
I have been dwelling with the Rose.'"

"Wherever I go," says Paul, "I scatter the perfume of his knowledge everywhere. I live for God as the fragrance of Christ breathed alike on those who are being saved and on those who are perishing."

Hugh Walpole, in "The Cathedral," gives a picture of Bishop Purcell of Polchester. He was a little frail man, eighty-six years old, walking with a stick. He had snow-white hair and bright blue eyes. He possessed that quality, given to only a few in this world of mediocrities, of filling, at once, any room he entered with the strength and fragrance of his spirit. So strong, fearless, and beautiful was his soul that it shone through the frail compass of his body with an unfal-

tering light. No one doubted the goodness and splendor of the man's character or hesitated to realize that here was some one who had walked and talked with God and in whom there was no shadow of deceit nor evil thought. The old lawyer, Glasgow Parmiter, the wickedest old man Polchester had ever known, said once of him, "If there's a hell, I suppose I'm going to it, and I'm sure I don't care. There may be one and there may not. I know there's a heaven. Purcell lives there."

Please let me tell you this: You do not have to be old, nor do you have to be a bishop before you can thus become a perfume-bearer for the King. Bishop Purcell came into his victorious life just as any other must come—through many trials and battles with self and sin and doubt. But hear him: "I came out of all this believing only in the beauty of Christ's life, clinging to that, and saying to myself, 'Such a friend have I—then life is not all lost to me'—and slowly, gradually, I came back into touch with him and knew him as I had never known him before." Who is willing to pay the price of goodness? Remember Paul's double metaphor: he thought of himself first as a captive following in the train of Christ's triumphal procession and then as a perfume-bearer scattering perfume as he moved along.

The Perfume of Our Gifts

Five times the scriptures record the use of perfume as a medium of loving devotion to the Saviour by those who brought it. When the Magi came to worship him

they presented him with frankincense and myrrh; a woman who was a sinner came to Simon's house where Jesus sat at meat and "brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with her tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment;" also Mary of Bethany with a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, anointed his feet, "and the house was filled with the odour of the ointment;" Nicodemus, with Joseph of Arimathea, "brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pound weight. Then took they the body of Jesus, and wound it in linen clothes with the spices," in preparation for burial; finally upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, certain women came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices and ointments which they had prepared. By our gifts to those for whom he cares we may still be bearers of perfume for him, for he has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." When the angel came to Cornelius in a vision, he said, "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God." If we would understand the meaning of memorial in this connection we should turn to the second chapter of Leviticus and read the ninth verse: "And the priest shall take from the meat offering a memorial thereof, and shall burn it upon the altar: it is an offering made by fire, of a sweet savour unto the Lord." So were the alms of Cornelius—they were like the sweet incense burning on the altar whose fragrant fumes ascended towards heaven and commended the offerer to God's

favorable remembrance. Following the same metaphor, borrowed from the sacrifices, Paul refers to the offerings sent him by the Philippian church as "an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, wellpleasing to God."

Through his prophet Ezekiel God accused the Jews of having profaned the perfume and odors which belonged to the sanctuary by applying them to their own use, preparing for their own selfish pleasure a table "whereon thou hast set mine incense and mine oil." The same terrible charge can be lodged against Christ's followers today, as every missionary enterprise fostered by the Church halts in feebleness and poverty on account of insufficient support, while the world, with the Church included, revels in wealth never before known. No greater query confronts the churches today than this—What is going to be their reaction to our present accumulation of wealth? Property may be said to be the keyword of our present age; it is equally true that it is the supreme test of Christian character. All property owners might well take lessons in investments from Cornelius whose "alms came up before God." He knew where to make deposits for permanent keeping.

What a noble procession are the perfume-bearers of the New Testament: the Magi, the penitent woman at Jesus' feet in Simon's house, the lovely Mary at Bethany, Nicodemus and Joseph, the women who went early to the tomb, Cornelius the Centurion, and the saints at Philippi. They are worthy to be followed. With our gifts of love we may, with them, become perfume-bearers to the King.

The Perfume of Prayer

In Rev. 5:8, we read about "golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints;" and again in Rev. 8:3, 4, "And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God out of the angel's hand." The imagery of this heavenly scene is borrowed from the tabernacle and temple service. At the offering of incense in the temple dead silence rested on the worshiping multitude; within the inner sanctuary the priest laid the incense in the fire on the golden altar and the cloud of odors rose up before the Lord, while prayers were offered alike by priest and people. All of this serves as the image of heavenly things pictured in this wonderful passage where the incense in the golden vessels is the prayers of saints offered on the golden altar before the throne of God. Think of the glory and beauty of this conception—the perfume of prayer distilled from the souls of saints, kept in the golden vessels and offered on the golden altar of heaven! How precious must that perfume be! We know that the perfume of flowers is made from the essential oil of those flowers. The process for those oils may well illustrate the costliness and value of true prayer. In Bulgaria and France vast areas are devoted to the cultivation of flowers. Here the finest perfumes are born and elaborated, and here flowers are taken seriously. But it is not in the

life of the flowers we are now specially interested, but rather in the way they give themselves in sacrifice for the making of perfume. Let us watch the magnificent carloads of roses shot upon the threshold of smoking factories, the great halls in which the sorters literally wade through the flood of petals; see now the precious arrival of the violets, tuberoses, jasmine, the lavender, the mignonette and the orange-blossoms, in wide baskets which the peasant women carry on their heads. Observe the torturing processes whereby the flowers, each according to its character, are forced to yield up the marvelous secrets of their hearts. The roses seem more accommodating and willing, and give up their aroma with simplicity. They are heaped into huge boilers, tall as locomotive engines, through which hissing steam is made to pass. Little by little their scented oil oozes drop by drop into a glass tube, no wider than a goose-quill, at the bottom of the monstrous still, which resembles some mountain painfully giving birth to a thimbleful of amber.

But the greater part of the flowers, particularly the violet, the mignonette and the jasmine, do not so easily allow their souls to be imprisoned. It is therefore necessary to inflict upon them severer treatment to force them at length to surrender the treasure which they hide in the depths of their corollas. On immense plates of glass coated with a white fat of the thickness of two fingers the crushed and mangled flowers are placed. Spread on this bed of humiliating pain the flowers are questioned until they confide their sweet secrets to the greasy couches on which they lie. Forthwith they are removed and flung aside as rubbish, to

be replaced the next morning with a fresh supply. At the end of three months, that is after devouring ninety successive layers of flowers, these coats of fat are, by an application of alcohol, forced to disgorge the treasure which they have absorbed. After all these adventures the liquid pearls, pure, essential, inexhaustible, and almost imperishable, are gathered at last in the crystal vials. Thus the bases of perfume are obtained. And thus through trial and testing souls learn how to pray and send up those sweet life essences which are bottled up in heaven's golden vials and offered up on heaven's golden altar, "an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, wellpleasing to God." So it is that from the souls of saints blossoming into prayer are gathered those spiritual essences which give a new sweetness to heaven—the distillations of earth thus yielding a fragrance to the City of God.

LILIES AND HARPSTRINGS

"And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness love."—*II Peter* 1:5–7.

The Gamut of the Christian Life has eight tones: faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, love. This scale of the perfect character is the basis of all its music and joy. A passing observation should be made here upon each of these tonal graces.

FAITH. The core of the Christian proposition is that in Jesus God came in human flesh to save us from sin, which was such a terrible and awful thing that in no easier or cheaper way could redemption be secured than by the death of the Son of God. To accept this, laying it actually to heart, is to have faith that saves. It is not merely a statement of intellectual truth, but a belief springing from experience. Faith cannot be compassed within a definition. The only New Testament writer who attempts to define it is the author of the Letter to the Hebrews, and, after two efforts, he gives it up, and goes on to show what faith is by pointing out its wonderful achievements. Similarly

in this list its nature is revealed in the qualities which unfold from within it.

VIRTUE. It stands for acting out the best within oneself. It means valor, manhood; or, better still, courage. Now courage means, not the absence of fear, but the conquest of fear. A soldier may be so frightened that his face is blanched and his knees tremble, still he may with great courage go forward into battle. The commonest command in the scripture is "Fear not." Times without number it rings out upon us, "Thou shalt not be afraid." Courage is faith in action. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." In the eleventh chapter of Hebrews the achievements of faith are also exhibitions of courage.

KNOWLEDGE. It does not come by simply recording bare facts on blank minds. It is a matter of experience. To know you must be. To know music you must possess something of the musical temperament. To know painting, you must have some sympathy with the painter's mind and purpose. To understand Christian truth, you need more than intellectual cleverness; you need moral sympathy with the truth you seek to grasp; you need the spirit of obedience without which no true knowledge of Christ can ever be gained. "These things are spiritually discerned." "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord; his going forth is prepared as the morning."

TEMPERANCE. Continence, self-mastery; it is strength held in restraint and directed. It is accom-

panied by, and issues from, knowledge. Every man carries within himself a world which must be conquered, otherwise it will conquer him. A man never conquers until he conquers his inner self. Many a man is the constant prey of his passions, the victim of his humors, the slave of his moods. They dictate his daily program. They break down his finest resolutions, and sweep away completely his best intentions. As the athlete, to win a fading wreath, practices a rigid self-restraint, so the contestant for an incorruptible crown keeps his body under and brings his entire being into subjection to the higher laws of the spirit.

PATIENCE. This is the ability to hold on, to bear up under pressure, to wait without fretting. Impatience is one of the most common and demoralizing of human vices. It works ruin with the nobler life of men and plays havoc with their most promising plans. Men start to build towers, but do not finish them; they put their hand to the plow, but look back when they strike a root or a rock in the ground. Those who mount up like eagles often come down before the flight is finished; those who run for a while like spirited horses frequently drop out of the race exhausted. Most of the world's work is done by men and women who walk and do not faint. Patience is not a flower dropped down from heaven, but a rare plant that grows among the thorns of earth. "And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience." "In your patience ye shall win your souls."

GODLINESS. Godliness is such a manner of life as "adorns the doctrine of Christ" and makes those

professing it worthy to be called "the epistles of Christ known and read of all men." It stands for those tonal qualities of character that remind one of newly minted gold coins shining and fresh, with the lettering and face sharply engraved upon them, and giving a certain dignity to every transaction in which they are passed as currency. They constantly remind one of the stability and strength of the government that issued them. To construe God in such fashion in one's life, interpreting him in his true worthfulness—this is godliness.

BROTHERLY KINDNESS. The Greek word is "philadelphia"—love of the brethren. It is the incontestable proof of discipleship: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death." It is also the unmistakable badge of discipleship: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

LOVE. This is the love which overflows from brotherly kindness, and reaches out to all men, everywhere, even our enemies. It is sufficiently described in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians: "Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Much of our religious program is failing everywhere today because we assume that the main thing is to get something done instead of ourselves becoming something. It is objective rather than subjective, with the

result that the inner life is too impoverished to stand the strain. Our text offers a remedy by pointing the way to build up and harmonize the character. It assumes that "getting on with religion" is at least of equal importance with "getting religion." It teaches that the origin of the Christian character is a new heart and a new spirit, and also that its development in power and beauty can be secured only by a continued expression of that spiritual principle. It is therefore vain to seek the ennoblement of the outer life unless we are careful vigorously to maintain the inner life.

The sources of the divine life are pointed out in verses 3 and 4 where we are told that unto us have been given "all things that pertain unto life and godliness," including great and precious promises, that by these we might be partakers of the divine nature. In addition to what God gives, we are called upon to make our gift—the gift of diligence. God has made wonderful provision for us; for this very reason we are urged to "give all diligence." The verb occurs only here in all the New Testament, and means, literally, to bring in by the side of: Contributing your diligence to the divine promises, thus the divine and the human co-operate in the making of character.

The verb rendered "add" in the Authorized Version is derived from *choros,* a chorus, such as was employed in the representation of the Greek tragedies. Later it came to mean, in its modified form, to bear the expense of a chorus, hence to supply, to provide, to furnish, to develop; as, in this verse, to develop one virtue in the exercise of another; an increase through growth, not by external addition, with each new grace springing

out of, and perfecting, the other. The word seems to have a double meaning—horticultural and artistic; one taking us to the garden, the other to the music hall. In the opening paragraph of Browning's "Saul," Abner welcomes David who has come to play his harp for the relief of the suffering king. He greets him with these words:

"God's child with his dew
On thy gracious gold hair, and those lilies still
living and blue
Just broken to twine round thy harp-strings, as
if no wild heat
Were now raging to torture the desert!"

This description of the lilies twined round the shepherd lad's harp-strings gives a beautiful picture of the meanings of our text.

The Gospel of the Unfolding

Let us paraphrase: Since God has provided all the favorable conditions of growth and has implanted in your garden the precious principle of faith, bring now to bear, on your part, the utmost earnestness, so that out of your faith moral energy shall grow; and out of your moral energy understanding shall spring; and out of your understanding self-control; and out of self-control patient endurance; and out of patient endurance piety; and out of piety brotherly kindness; and out of brotherly kindness love, which is the crown and perfect flower of the Christian life. Jesus had announced the principle of the expansive power of the spiritual life in his statement about the buried grain of wheat.

Closely related to this was his teaching about faith as illustrated in a grain of mustard seed, also the seed of corn cast into the ground, which springs up and brings forth first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. It is the gospel of *"the unfolding."* We may call it the gospel of the lilies: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." As the leaves and flower are held in embryo in the lily bulb, and these are developed through culture and growth into the perfection of beauty, so the life of the soul is regarded as a germ to be expanded step by step through these successive graces named in the text, by the co-operation of the human will with the divine. "If these things" (that is, the things just enumerated), "if these things be in you and abound" (vs. 8)—thus is laid down the condition of growth—"abound," meaning to increase in abundance, to grow. The appeal of this entire passage is that we give our souls a chance to grow to full maturity, by guarding and directing their delicate unfolding. The resources are divinely supplied; it is ours to "work out our salvation," for it is "God which worketh in us both to will and do of his good pleasure."

"And he, he is the Light, he is the Sun
That draws us out of darkness, and transmits
The noisome earth-damp into heaven's own breath,
And shapes our matted roots, we know not how,
Into fresh leaves, and strong, fruit-bearing stems;
Yea, makes us stand, on some consummate day,
Abloom in white transfiguration robes."

He does that for us, but with "diligence" we must do our part. A parable on the value of such culture is given in the Amaryllis Show which the Department of Agriculture each spring offers to the public in Washington. Looking at these immense gorgeous lilies so highly developed above their native state in tropical wilds, one can but wish devoutly that, through the culture which our text so winsomely urges, we might grow finer, larger souls with richer heavenly hues. At the entrance to the great glass house where the Amaryllis flowers are exhibited in their wealth of splendor one may see a specimen of the Amaryllis as it grows in its uncultivated state in Brazil. It reveals the possibilities of refinement, but not until these possibilities have been touched and drawn out does the plant come into its own. The perfected lily shows what can be done when God and man work together to make a flower. So the co-operation of the divine and the human can bring the perfection of character which is the ideal offered in this beautiful scripture.

The Gospel of the Attunement

Still trying to get at the roots of the Greek word back of "add," it is interesting to find that it means "to train a choir" or "to lead a chorus." It is a musical term and relates to the learning and rendering of music. Here is the scale to be practiced till every note can be given without discord. The notes are eight. The octave begins with faith as the keynote and rises to the climax in love. Learn these and all life becomes a grand, sweet song. Or think of them as the strings

on a harp which must be put in tune—drawn tense that all the music may be brought out. Faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, kindness, love—the simplest chorus and the mightiest oratorio of human existence can be produced by these and their variations. They are universal in reach and meaning. Since faith is certainty of God, it is the keynote. An octave higher is love—for love is likeness to God. "God is love." With the life thus attuned to the divine, one may live in constant triumph over the jarring discords of the world.

"I set my wind-harp in the wind,
And the wind came out of the south,
Soft, soft it blew with gentle coo
Like words from a maiden's mouth,
And like the stir of angels' wings
It gently touched the trembling strings,
And, oh my harp gave back to me
A wondrous heavenly melody.

"I set my wind-harp in the wind,
And the wind from the north blew loud—
From the icy north it hurried forth
And dark grew sea and cloud;
It whistled down the mountain's height,
It smote the quivering chords with might,
And still my harp gave back to me
Its wondrous heavenly melody.

"Ah me, that such a life were mine—
Responsive, tuned and true,
When all was gladness, all was shine,
Or when the storms of sorrow blew,
That so 'mid all the fret and strife,

The jarring undertones of life,
My life might rise to God and be
One long harmonious symphony!"

In addition to the inward peace of a soul thus attuned, there is an outward melody which goes forth from it as a mighty influence to charm and pacify our troubled world. Of the types of Christ, borrowed from pagan antiquity, a favorite one was Orpheus taming the wild beasts with his lyre, a copy of which has been discovered on the walls of the St. Calixtus Catacomb at Rome. Orpheus is represented as a youth playing his five-stringed harp. Around him lion, and wolf, and leopard, and horse, and sheep, and serpent, and tortoise are listening; and on the branches of the tree are peacocks, and other birds. That gracious and beautiful figure subduing the wild passions of the animals, and drawing all to listen to him with sweet attractiveness, appeared to the ancient Christians a most fitting emblem of Christ drawing order out of confusion and gentleness out of ferocity. It may also be a picture of the Christian in whose life these graces are so perfectly tuned that the music of them emanates with such sweet winsomeness that in his presence all discord is quelled and hostility is disarmed.

But the text really relates to a community attunement, in which the whole group is brought into spiritual unison like the members of an orchestra, where every one plays his part mindful of all the others. Make the application to the membership of a church whose composite spiritual life is as the rendering of a great musical masterpiece. One thinks of the Messiah

Chorus of Lindsborg, Kansas, one of the most remarkable musical organizations in this country. In its membership of five hundred not all are professional singers but many from the varied walks of life—merchants, teachers, clerks, farmers, mothers, housekeepers. It is an organization which has been maintained for many years, having been started by the members of a Swedish Colony that settled in that part of the country many years ago. It has been built up and improved with the succeeding generations, sons and daughters coming in to take the places of their parents as they retire on account of age. They have regular rehearsals throughout the year, farmers with their wives and daughters often riding into town twenty miles on the long winter evenings in order to practice their parts and keep themselves in training. To hear this full chorus sing Handel's Messiah fills one with wonder and amazement. It is the outlet for the culture, worship, fellowship, and love of one of the most thoroughly religious communities in all the land. The great mysterious theme they touch so reverently, and translate into harmonies so rich and worthy, that they lead the hearers into the very presence of God and move them to feelings akin to what Handel himself experienced as he spoke so reverently of the Hallelujah Chorus, "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God Himself." What the Lindsborg Chorus sets itself to do in translating Handel's Messiah in song, the church is called to do in translating in terms of life the whole theme of Christ and his gospel, so that it can be said "from you sounded out the word of the Lord, and in every place your faith is spread

abroad." It is deplorable that the concord of an otherwise noble fellowship may be marred by the strident jangling of some conflicting spirit, as if some mutinous member of an orchestra should persist in wildly beating his kettledrum out of time and out of tune with the general theme.

In the refining processes of character, as in the acquirement of proficiency in music, persistent effort is the price of reward—only practice makes perfect. "Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall." "These things" takes us back again to this list of graces. "If ye do these things"—if ye practice, that is, keep on practicing these things, as the music pupil repeats the assigned lesson on the piano, or as the voice pupil keeps running over and over again, the required exercise—"ye shall never fall"—shall never fail. Malibran said: "If I neglect my practice a day, I see the difference in my execution; if for two days, my friends see it; and if for a week, all the world knows my failure." Constant, persistent struggle she had found to be the price of her marvelous power. Alike, untiring drill of the spirit—a constant trying and testing of it on these excellences—is the price that must be paid for success in character. "For so an entrance shall be administered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom." "Ministered"—the same Greek word which we found in verse five and translated "add." But here it is in the passive form. Chorus your character, put it in tune, learn to play on all the eight strings of the harp, and continue practicing, then you shall have a "choral entrance" into the

kingdom—a mighty musical triumph will be accorded you. Such a welcome will be yours as is accorded to victorious soldiers on their return home, when all the bands vie with one another in applauding their home-coming. "If ye do these things, ye shall never fall. For so an entrance shall be administered unto you!" Keep on trying, keep up your practice; you will want to be ready and in tune when the choral welcome into the heavenly kingdom commences.

On the closing pages of *Pilgrim's Progress* Bunyan tells us how grand and radiant was the welcome given to Christian and Hopeful when they came to the gate of the Celestial City. "Now, while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold, a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them. . . . Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying, 'Blessed are they that are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb.' There came out also at this time to meet them several of the king's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious noises and loud, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes. . . . And now were these two men, as it were, in heaven before they came to it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the city itself in view: and they thought they heard all the bells therein to ring.

"Now I saw, in my dream, that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also some that met them with harps

and crowns, and gave them to them; the harps to play withal, and the crowns in token of honor. Then I heard in my dream, that all the bells in the city rang again for joy. Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold; and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal."

THE TRIUMPHANT TREE

"Whom ye slew and hanged on a tree."—*Acts* 5:30.

"Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree."—*Gal.* 3:13.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross."—*Gal.* 6:14.

Among the trees that grew around Jerusalem in the days of Caiaphas the High Priest one was honored above all the others. That it might be glorified, it was hewn down, stripped of its branches and bereft of its foliage and flowers. Its bark was peeled off and its body cut into two beams. These were fashioned together into a cross, one set into the earth and reaching up toward heaven, one reaching out on either side like arms extended. So it was made an instrument of death and debased into an emblem of cruelty and shame. Gerald Gould has told the story in his poem, "The Happy Tree"—

"There was a bright and happy tree;
The wind with music laced its boughs,
Thither across the houseless sea
Came singing birds to house.

Men grudged the tree its happy eves,
Its happy dawns of eager sound;
So all that crown and tower of leaves
They levelled with the ground.

They made an upright of the stem,
A crosspiece of a bough they made:
No shadow of their deed on them
The fallen branches laid.

But blithely, since the year was young
When they a fitting hill did find,
There on the happy tree they hung
The Saviour of mankind."

There were many men in Palestine in the time of Pontius Pilate, but one was mightier than all the others because he was unselfish and unafraid; because, too, he knew how to lay down his life for others and how to take it again. That he might be exalted and given a name above every name, he "stripped himself of his glory and took upon him the form of a slave"; and now he let men strip off his garments, scourge him with whips, and lead him forth to die. His hands, gentler than the zephyr-kissed leaves of the tree, his feet, more beautiful than its starry flowers, were stabbed through with the iron, which further cut its way into the fibre of the tree. Then he, "the greatest, the noblest, the truest of his race"—then he and the tree were lifted up together on a hill which became "the pivot upon which the destiny of humanity swings." As Marguerite Wilkinson says, "They were glorified together, having died that they might live. The Son of Man became the Saviour. The Cross became the Radiant Tree. It shines forever with the luster of his love, for when the agony was over and men separated the dead body of the Lord of life from

the body of the dead wood, he and the Cross became inseparable in human feeling and thought, and the Tree began to grow again!"

"For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease . . . it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant." For this tree Job's promise comes true. "Deep, deep down went the new roots through earth, air, fire, and water, through minds and hearts and souls. Up toward the zenith grew the new branches, passing through diverse civilizations, hanging their fragrance above the pinnacles of time, bearing varicolored fruits of wisdom and loveliness and virtue to feed our insatiable hungers." The tree bare "twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." One of the noblest of Burne Jones's paintings is his picture of the crucifixion called "The Tree of Life." Men, women, and children are gathered under the shadow of the tree. On the one side is a garden of flowers, on the other a harvest of corn. Along the margin is the inscription, "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." The cross triumphed because Christ triumphed on it. Illustrating how the cross, instead of remaining the symbol of shame, became the joyous emblem of victorious life, may be cited a cross, discovered in the Pontianus catacomb, which appears blossoming into foliage and flowers of gold and silver, and exquisitely enriched with gems.

The victory of the cross teaches the transformation

of ugliness into beauty. To what more degrading end could a tree be reduced than to make it into a cross, whose angularity of form is at war with every known principle of beauty, yet no other tree has ever been so illustriously immortalized, while the cross has become a universal pattern of beauty, so that it is affirmed by art critics that the Crucifixion as executed by Ghiberti in one of the door panels of the Baptistry in Florence is the most supremely beautiful masterpiece in the entire field of sculptural design. It has been called "the very perfection of sculptured music." Built into a cross, that tree of degradation became the theme of the world's noblest painting, finest poetry, and sweetest music. Around it the entire fabric of Christian art has been framed. All the other trees that flourished in Judea during those years have been forgotten, but this one has been monumentalized in countless forms of costliness. It has been the pattern of the architect in his crowning piece in structure. Its shape has been repeated in chased silver and refined gold. The rarest gems have been cut in its likeness. Its replica has been enshrined in countless sanctuaries and has crowned the pinnacles of unnumbered temples of praise. Carved in marble it marks the tombs of the sainted dead as faith's surest pledge. Its lines have been eagerly traced in snowflakes and in flowers and its name has been given to the Southern Cross, the most brilliant constellation that blazes in the equatorial sky. Once stripped of its loveliness, it has been adorned with the flowers of a thousand springs piled around it in banks of profuse fragrance.

"Faithful cross above all others,
One and only noble tree,
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit, thy peer may be."

Contrast these two sentences: "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree"; "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross." The accursed tree has become the cross of glory! The transformed tree is now the transforming cross. The cross lifted up Christ. Christ lifted up the cross. Wherever this gospel of him who "gives beauty for ashes" has gone it has created hearts so pure and lives so peaceful and homes so sweet, where once were squalor and sin, that it may be truly said, "Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

One of the glories of the religion of Jesus is that it reveals the value and meaning of suffering and shows how it can be turned into joy. During the period of the World War some very fascinating articles were written from the front. One of these articles bore the title, "The Wild Flowers of the Trenches," in which the enthusiastic chronicler tells how he saw along the line of the trenches, around the shell holes and over piles of wreckage, such flowering plants as poppies, marguerites and hedge parsley. Reading these eager records of the flowering waste places, one can but recall the words of the astonished prophet, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." What can a scheme of ethics or system of philosophy teach us to do more than meet trouble with a fatalistic and stoical calm?

The cross was not changed from a curse into a glory until Jesus died on it. Our assurance lies here. History records three wonderful years crowded with love and suffering, "which things the angels desired to look into." It records three hours of darkness on a cross, when nature seemed to stand still and sorrow flooded the Divine Sufferer with its woes. It tells of three days in which the grave seemed to gloat over its Victim and the hopes of humanity lay in the dust. But those three years became the moral standard of mankind and its inspiration forever. The three hours of darkness broke with "a joy and hope that have girdled the world." The three days ended in a Resurrection morning which causes us to stand triumphant amid the shadows of death. There is no grief so bitter that it may not turn to sweetness and peace. There is no night of the soul which may not thrill with ecstasy of faith in the coming of the perfect day. There is no valley of despair which does not have its door of hope.

"When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy."

Delivering an address at the planting of the Liberty Tree in Paris, Victor Hugo said, "The first tree of liberty was planted by God himself on Golgotha. The first tree of liberty was that cross on which Jesus Christ was offered, a sacrifice for the liberty, equality and fraternity of the human race!" The world has been growing better ever since the cross flung out its radiance over it. Hume undertook to write history without

Christ, and found it a labyrinth without a clue. Gibbon did the same. They witnessed civilization advancing through the centuries, but could perceive no explanation for it. The "logic of events" meant nothing to them. There can be no "philosophy of history" for the man who refuses to see Constantine's cross in the heavens, with its mighty prophecy, "In Hoc Signo Vinces!" The proclamation of Christ, and him crucified, has come down the centuries, like Milton's angel with the torch; and all along the way there have been joyous liberations, fragrant buddings of new life, astounding achievements. Victor Hugo was right in proclaiming the cross the first liberty tree. From the hour when Christ died began the death knell to every satanic tyranny and every tolerated abomination. Speaking of the work of Christ Frederic William Farrar, in his great discourse on "The Crucifixion," says, "It expelled cruelty; it curbed passion; it branded suicide; it punished and repressed an execrable infanticide; it drove the shameless impurities of heathendom into a congenial darkness. There was hardly a class whose wrongs it did not remedy. It rescued the gladiator; it freed the slave; it protected the captive; it nursed the sick; it sheltered the orphan; it elevated the woman; it shrouded as with a halo of sacred innocence the tender years of the child. In every region of life its ameliorating influence was felt. It changed pity from a vice into a virtue. It elevated poverty from a curse into a beatitude. It ennobled labor from a vulgarity into a dignity and a duty. It sanctified marriage from little more than a burdensome convention into little less than a blessed sacrament. It revealed

for the first time the angelic beauty of a purity of which men had despaired and of a meekness at which they had utterly scoffed. It created the very conception of charity, and broadened the limits of its obligation from the narrow circle of a neighborhood to the widest horizons of the race."

"Cross of shame, yet tree of glory,
Round thee winds the one great story
Of this ever changing earth;
Center of the true and holy,
Grave of human sin and folly,
Womb of Nature's second birth."

And yet, after all, the great mass of men too blind to see the glowing crown of the "Radiant Tree"; too deaf to hear, above the world's din, the music of God's breath in its waving branches; too lame to come to its base and cling; too self-satiated to gather and rest beneath its sheltering shadow—this vast horde of mankind still plods a stony path, famishing and fainting, unknowing and unheeding. They are waiting for Christians, in whose heart the cross has been set up to blossom into life abundant and endless—men and women who have shared the cross and the resurrection, and hence have a personal knowledge and spiritual experience as a vital proof to offer their fellows.

It is only through such personal experience with the cross that its availments are secured. How extremely personal is made clear only when we can say, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world." We must learn the mean-

ing of crucifixion, if we would have the thrill of conquest and the glory of crowning. A missionary relates that among those converted under his preaching in the sacred city of Benares was a devotee who had dragged himself many miles upon his knees and elbows to bathe in the Ganges. He had at the bottom of his heart the common conviction of sin and desire of cleansing. "If I can but reach the Ganges," he thought, "this shame and bondage and fear will be taken away." Weak and emaciated from his long pilgrimage, he dragged himself down to the river's edge and, praying to his gods, crept into it; then withdrawing, he lay upon the river's bank and moaned, "The pain is still here!" Just at that moment he heard the voice of a man speaking under the shadow of a great banyan-tree near by. It was the missionary telling the story of the cross. He listened; he rose to his knees, then to his feet; then unable to restrain himself, he clapped his hands and shouted, "That's what I want! That's what I want!" And that is what we all want. The whole of mankind from time immemorial has been groaning and travailing in pain for it. That is what we want. That is what will give us peace and remove the pain.

"The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up."

KEEP ME! HIDE ME!

"Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—*Psalm* 17:8.

This psalm bears no trace of having been arranged for music. It is not a song, but a heart-cry—the prayer of a man seeking divine deliverance from his enemies, who are crowding close upon his heels. Prayer has ceased to be a theory; it is a reality, a resource. He has sensed God genuinely. "Thou has visited me in the night," he says. God drew near to him in those quiet hours, when he was alone. Other night visits are easily recalled: as in the case of Abraham, when "the sun went down and it was dark," standing by his sacrifices until the burning lamp appeared and Jehovah talked with him in terms of a new covenant; or Jacob sleeping, with a stone for a pillow, while earth and heaven are linked by a shining ladder scaled by angels; or little Samuel aroused by the voice calling his name as he slept in the sanctuary; and an "holy One came down from heaven" to Daniel as he lay on his bed; as also an angel visited Peter in prison asleep between two soldiers, bound with two chains; while in the height of the storm at sea the angel of God stood by Paul, saying, "Fear thou not." The man who prayed this psalm was harassed and hard set upon, but at least he gave God a chance, even though it were

in the night, and there came to him strength and reviving, like the nightly distillations of dew on the grass tips and in the hearts of flowers.

We are told that astronomers use mechanism, for making their observations, of such exceeding delicacy that it requires months to perfect it; and if a visitor incautiously touches the machine with his finger, however gently, the accuracy is lost and can be restored only by long painstaking labor. When shall we ever learn the unutterable delicacy of the soul, and the need of constant watchfulness lest an unholy touch, or breath, or fancy, or word, should mar it and render it incapable of fellowship with the highest heaven!

In the course of the day's work our

"Embattling interests on each other rush"

so thickly that we scarcely find time to pray. But this is not all—it is not the worst. There are forces and persons actually hostile to us, seeking to break down our integrity of character and wreck our spirituality, so that life is a constant warfare. The allurements of lust, the temptation to deceive, to defraud and to betray confidences, the appeal to seek ease and emoluments that are not lawful—these all make their approach through the winsomeness of personalities, claiming assuredly to be our friends but in truth are our worst enemies. So insidious and so incessant are the attacks on character that only the uttermost vigilance will insure against moral collapse. It seems so easy to lead a dual life, but the fear, the unrest, the failure of it are inevitable. The man whose prayers

tremble through this psalm lived out of doors and the terms he used to describe his enemies were suitable to his time and place. He describes himself as being surrounded by a herd of infuriated wild oxen that "have set their eyes bowing down to the earth" whose purpose is to hurl him to the ground and mangle him with their pointed horns. He continues the picture, declaring that they attack him like a lion, eager to tear in pieces, and like a young lion lying in ambush and looking for its prey. What language could portray more vividly the awful treachery and power of those influences that so easily overcome and destroy the unwary and unwatchful dabblers in sin.

The man of this psalm, deeply aware of his danger, turns to God in prayer for rescue: "O thou that savest by thy right hand them which put their trust in thee from those that rise up against them, keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings." How bold and beautiful is the prayer culminating in two petitions, which have their origin in the Song of Moses in the 32nd chapter of Deuteronomy: "He kept him as the apple of his eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead him."

"Keep me as the apple of the eye!" What closeness of union with God that lovely figure implies, and what careful guarding it implores! The apple of the eye, more exactly, the pupil of the eye, means in this connection the image in the eye, the reflected miniature of the person who looks into another's eye. Said a little girl to her father: "Papa, I see myself in your

eye!" It is interesting to note that pupil is from the Latin *pupilla,* a little girl. Catch now the import of this prayer in which a man prays that he shall be as near to God as is his own reflected image to one into whose eyes he is looking. He prays not only to be kept under the eye of God, but in the eye of God. Can we imagine closer intimacy or greater security? How eager too and trustful must the soul be that can pray such a prayer!

"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings." The order and connection between this petition and the one going before seem to teach us that, if we are to be kept, we must be hidden; that if these frail lives of ours are to be dear to God as the apple of his eye, they must nestle close by his side. Deep, secret communion with him is the condition of his protection over us, just as another psalm, using the same imagery, has it: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." This poetic reference to wings may refer to the cherubim in the most Holy Place of the temple, whose golden wings were outspread over the ark of the covenant, involving the further idea that the protecting cherubic wings also extended their influence to the entire temple, the holy city and all its inhabitants; but the conception is usually referred to the care of the mother eagle for her young, so vividly described in the passage in Deuteronomy, of which this is an echo. There the divine care is worthily depicted in a specially tender way. Let me describe this eagle life under three words—nesting, testing, resting—making

use of this passage and others that illustrate God's care of his people.

Nesting. "As the eagle maketh her nest on high, and dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place," so God sets us on high in safety and peace, where we "nest on the greatness of God," and "hide under the shadow of his wings." *Testing.* The picture changes. Life in the nest is narrow and inactive. See what the eagle does: she stirs up the nest, scatters the sticks of which it is made; she flutters over her young, pushes them out even to the edge of the precipice and over it; now they spread their untried pinions in awkward attempts to fly, but long before they fall on the sharp rocks below she spreads abroad her strong wings, darts beneath them and bears them safely. She is still protecting them though she tests them, repeating the exercise until they have learned to fly. So the Lord "makes us ride on the high places of the earth." *Resting.* Hiding under the divine wings and riding on the divine wings, having been nested by him and tested by him, we are able at last to rise and rest in him. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles." When we turn our hearts unto the Lord the power of wing is ours; we can rise from our narrow cage, or from the tiresome road, into the high calm of heaven above the clouds and tempests where we can have spiritual vision and rest. To rise is to rest. And when we have been on the wing, we may again come to earth, able to run, and not be weary; or walk, and not faint.

This Old Testament prayer of a man, hard-driven

by sin and threatened by enemies the cruelest, meets its full answer in the New Testament where the grace of Christ is so gloriously revealed and freely offered to all who will accept it. The prayer, "Keep me as the apple of the eye," finds satisfying fulfilment in these great sayings: "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus;" "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day;" "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father which gave them me is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand;" "Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time." To the cry, "Hide me under the shadow of thy wings," comes the response, "As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings;" or, "Your life is hid with Christ in God;" or again, "And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom; to whom be glory for ever and ever;" or finally, "He is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy."

Among those who read this must be some who sorrow, and some who have suffered distressing loss of one or another kind, others who have been battling with temptation—possibly with but meager success—others still who have seen their cherished projects fail or are much perplexed over business matters; there may be some who have been grievously wounded by false

friends, and some who feel themselves unfairly shut in by cruel circumstance, so completely imprisoned that they are on the brink of rebellion. I cannot, nor shall I attempt to tell each several case. It is useless for me to try. You know and God knows what it is that bothers and burdens you. My wish is to induce you to approach him and to assure you that in his prayer-answering grace you will find reply to your soul's sincerest call for help.

Has a great grief entered like iron into your soul, do not allow it to embitter you, do not sink down into a morbid despondency, but turn to the God of all comfort who has promised to be with his people in their troubles. When a grain of sand settles down in the tender tissues of an oyster and persists in remaining there, it becomes the point of departure for a new program in the oyster's life. The oyster begins at once to spin a gummy substance around the annoying intruder, and so a pearl is made. It is possible, by the grace of God, for your grief to become the nucleus of a pearl that will glow on the brow of your victorious character.

Have you suffered a humiliating defeat, having been overtaken by temptation? Jesus, who gave hope and a new chance to the woman who was brought to him for condemnation, and who restored and reinstated the apostle who had denied him with oaths, will forgive you and heal the wounds which sin has made. A young girl showed Mr. Ruskin a beautiful and costly handkerchief which had been marred by an ugly blot of ink. Mr. Ruskin took it and soon returned it; having begun with the spot as a center, he

worked out with India ink an exquisitely lovely design. Even thus your failure may mark the beginning of a new triumph of grace. "And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness." If you have failed in your aspirations and are about to settle down to the habits of gloom and defeat, let me beg you not to do yourself so great a harm. There are yet many victories to win. "The battle is lost," said Desaix, looking at his watch, "but it is only two o'clock, and we shall have time to gain another." Let us learn to forget the things that are behind, that we may "press toward the mark for the prize" of larger things yet to be.

It may be that you are unpleasantly environed; you are held back from doing what you feel that you could do and would be happy in doing, that your usefulness has been interfered with and your life is a failure. Others have outstripped you in the race and the rewards that should have come to you have been withheld. Do not reach such conclusions too hastily. Probably the place where you are offers the finest possible field for the fullest development of your noblest powers. I had thought I knew and loved the charm of orchards, farm houses and country roadsides, but after spending several hours in the Boston library among the pictures of "real life" by J. F. Millet, I discovered a new beauty that I had never dreamed of before—beauty in garden fences, hay-stacks, chicken-coops; beauty in barns, harrows, wagons, and old tumble-down gates—he had touched all those common things with a glory that amazed me and held me entranced. Strange to say, these wonderful pictures were painted in a cold,

damp room, without a fireplace and lighted by one little window, all his accessories and instruments being of the humblest. In this depressing environment, with the chill of poverty in his bones, with rarely a gleam of success to encourage him, he created those masterpieces. Other artists would demand comfortable quarters, proper lights, delicate equipment, and purest colors; and even then fail of fame. Why did Millet with all these disadvantages achieve such distinction? The only answer is that it was in him to succeed. He possessed that divine faculty which enabled him to reach perfection without requiring the aids of circumstance. The piercing perception, the rich imagination, the grasp of truth, the delicate touch, rendered him independent of the accidents of place, material and instrument.

What such genius is to the artist the grace of the Lord Christ is to the saint. Fellowship with him, with its attendant spiritual power, sanctifies all channels and overflows all barriers with streams of blessing—this is the promise of the gospel. Our Lord teaches that worldly conditions are of small consequence. The scenery counts for but little, the difficulties of the path are nothing, the fortune or the misfortune which are met mean nothing, the abounding energy of the pilgrim is the one essential thing. "According to the power that worketh in us" is the motto and refrain of Paul. If the force, the fire, and the freshness of the soul be maintained; if faith, love, and hope abound; however the outward life shapes itself, it will serve the spirit; and whatever befalls in earthly fortune may become an enriching discipline.

"Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings": the main thing is to keep up this prayer—Keep me! hide me! The essential thing is that God shall be our environment; his character our circumstance.

In Brazilian forests, we are told by naturalists, no flowers are so gorgeous and brilliant as the orchids. Yet some of the most beautiful grow in jungles so thick and gloomy that they often escape notice, and it is indeed surprising that they flourish where they get so little light. So in dim and dreary places we often discover and welcome with surprise shining examples of integrity, tenderness, simple worth and sublime courage, not to be excelled by any who have what seem to be superior advantages. It is marvellous how they flourish within the shadows; but as the sun acts where it does not shine, so the Spirit of holiness and power operates quietly and mightily in the soul of those, whatever their outward conditions, who constantly hide within the divine presence and influence. It is possible for this to become the habit of soul with us—the very atmosphere so surcharged with faith and love that doubt and gloom and hate cannot survive within it. It was so with the primitive disciples. Throughout the latter half of the New Testament the note of triumph rings unceasing. One might think the pathway of those saints had been one of primroses, but the fact is that the severity of the times was largely forgotten in the exulting joy of the soul.

I recall an automobile ride from Black Mountain to Asheville, and though the air was balmy and the apple-trees were in bloom, there was a thick fall of snow;

but when we put out our hands again and again to catch a flake, it melted into a tear, almost before it touched the flesh. So lightly did the afflictions of their time affect the apostles and other early Christians, and this mainly because they triumphed over the tragic conditions of their age through their enthusiasm for the Lord Christ in whose presence they consciously lived. So may we abide in the presence of him who has promised to hide us till the storm be passed, and to keep us until the coming of the glorious day. The snow will melt as fast as it falls, if we live in the atmosphere of the apple-blossoms.

INWARD HO!

"Abide in me, and I in you."—*John* 15:4.
"Until Christ be formed in you."—*Gal.* 4:19.
"Christ in you, the hope of glory."—*Col.* 1:27.
"Greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world."—*I John* 4:4.
"The love of Christ constraineth us."—*II Cor.* 5:14.

"Outward Bound," "Westward Ho!" and similar book-titles quickly catch the fancy because they are in vogue with the spirit of the times whose favorite slogan is "Carry on!" The Athenians spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing. We surpass them—always wanting to see or do some new thing, or go to some new place! Airplane flights around the world, arctic voyages, the climbing to Mount Everest's summit, deep-sea diving for lost treasure, swimming contests—these are but some of the tamer adventures that afford us the thrills we demand. Life is superficial and must have new artificial stimuli lest it become unbearable. But the truth remains that the great purposes of life are spiritual and not material. Mr. H. G. Wells has said: "Man having run all over the world from pole to pole, having learned how to fly around it in seven or eight days, and how to look or speak round it in a flash, will presently, I think, become introspective and turn his practical attention to himself." Is it too much to

hope that in the near future our real triumphs will be won within ourselves rather than upon things? In the words of Dr. T. R. Glover, "There is still a great deal of the soul unexplored and unmapped."

The five texts just cited are what we should now call the psychological approach to religion. The new stress of psychology has brought such sayings as these into prominence and gives new meaning to many similar expressions in the New Testament. Paul says scarcely anything about the life or the teachings of Jesus—he even says that "after the flesh" he knows him no more; but he has very much to say about Christ formed within him, the Christ in us the hope of glory. Christ crucified, Christ risen, Christ ascended is the objective fact to which he attributes the subjective experience. The ground of his confidence and the substance of his teaching are psychological rather than historical. He was vitally interested, not so much in what happened in the days of Christ's flesh, as in what happens now, in the days of his Spirit.

"Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
If he be not born in thee, thy heart is yet forlorn;
The cross of Golgotha thou lookest to in vain,
Unless within thyself it be set up again."

Can Christ, does Christ, abide in men now? Does he come to us and dwell in us? If he does not abide in us now, and if the experience of Paul, and those others after the ascension, was a delusion, the things which they wrote and left to us, and called by us the New Testament, lose much of their importance. If Christ does not abide in me now, it matters to me but

little if he wrought miracles in Jerusalem or muzzled the angry waves of Galilee. But if he does today abide with us; if he manifests himself in us as the hope of glory, as the interpretation of life; if he can guide and cleanse and restore, inspire and raise us up from the dead, we have something even more real, more immediate, than the narratives of the evangelists; yea, we have, even within us, a touchstone by which we may test those narratives themselves.

Can we be sure of Christ—sure of him as of things we experience physically—may our contacts with him become a matter of unquestioned record? Christian experience answers affirmatively. Dr. William James, late professor of philosophy in Harvard University, in his Gifford lectures at Edinburgh, cites a large number of unquestioned instances, of men and women in every station of life, among them some of the keenest intellects, who had calm, deep, wonderful visions of God, more real to them than life itself. John Wesley used the following memorable words in a letter: "If then, it were possible to shake the traditional evidence of Christianity; still, he that hath the eternal evidence—and every true believer hath the witness or evidence in himself—would stand firm and unshaken." Similar testimony is easily available, from the lives of some we know intimately—indisputable witness that God makes himself so thoroughly known to those who draw near unto him, that if all external proofs were taken away, as when props are knocked out from under the walls they support, they would still remain confident and undisturbed because they have the witness within themselves that Christ

is present and sufficient. One is reminded of the fine words with which Mrs. Browning closes her "Duchess May":

"And I smiled to think God's greatness flows around
our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness his rest."

In a series of paintings on the ceiling of the Congressional Library the Senses are idealized as beautiful young women. Taste is sipping from a shell; Touch is looking with delight upon a butterfly that has alighted on her arm; Smell inhales the fragrance of a full-blown rose; Sight contemplates her own face in a hand glass; Hearing presses to her ear a shell which murmurs of the sea. As truly as through the region of the five senses we experience the material world, there is another region fronting spiritward through which immediate commerce can be established with Christ. This is the plain teaching of Scripture and is attested by an age-long line of Christian experience. We have direct sensing powers to which Christ is as truly revealed as we know the existence of objects perceived through the bodily senses. Our physical senses illustrate and emphasize these powers of spiritual perception; so that we are called to hear, to see, and to taste; thus testing and appropriating God. So also we are told of those who "feel after God," while in Isaiah 11:3 the words "And his delight shall be in the fear of the Lord," if more literally rendered, would read, "And he shall be of quickened scent to discover the fear of the Lord." Thus all the senses, seeing, hearing, tasting, feeling and smelling,

illustrate the soul's quest of God and its entrance into relations with him.

But not all have this certainty. Pitifully large is the number of weary worshipers at the altar of the unknown God. Many of them are in the church and remain there because they do not know what other thing to do. Sorely perplexed about life's meaning, they try to carry on by the momentum of habit and memory. With others, not so careful to keep up the show, ideals have been lowered, work is an unceasing weariness and life a tedious tale ending in the fatigue of despair. They know they are thirsty but they "have nothing to draw with" and "the well is deep." For these, as for all, the pilgrim Christ "sits thus on the well" in the middle of the long-dragging day, offering relief to those spiritual needs that lie deeper than the most elemental physical desires. To the weary woman hard pressed by her scanty world he offered visions of inner satisfaction of the soul, adding that "he that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life,"

> "like the all-enduring camel, driven
> Far from the diamond fountain by the palms,
> ——————————yet in him keeps
> A draught of the sweet fountain that he loves
> To stay his feet from falling, and his spirit
> From bitterness of death."

Two other scriptures are recalled: "And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb;"

"He that believeth on me out of his heart shall flow rivers of living water." This water of life—it is pure, clear, everlasting, and to be taken individually. The source of it—the throne of God and of the Lamb; the course—out of the throne, out of the heart; the intake—the water that I shall give shall be in him a well; the outflow—out of his heart shall flow rivers. It proceeds; it springs up; it flows out. It begins a river—it ends as rivers. Such are our spiritual resources and their quality; and they are all our own, when we have Christ dwelling in our hearts by faith. What effect will such believing on Christ have? By the fruit the teaching may be judged. What is the result in one's life when this idea of God in Christ is held in the mind, until all he said and did and suffered is dwelt upon and begins to operate? "Abide in me" means, set your thoughts on me, entertain the idea of me, day and night, until my will becomes an inward law, and my love glows and wins and controls; then "I in you" is the result. What effect will this have on the life—on the inner world of personality?

This belief in the presence of the indwelling Christ becomes the regulative idea of life. The close intimacy between the individual and Christ is not approached in any other relationship. The Christ formed within me is none other than God. Whatever others may contend for regarding the divinity of Jesus, for me he is deity having come and taken possession of the throne which none but God can occupy. Though it is beyond my imagination I have set my seal to his claim that he is the infinite, the holy, the almighty God, accessible, sympathetic, compassionate.

He is the author of my being, the guide of my life, my healer, shepherd, and friend—one with whom I can converse, one whom I love because he loves me. To such an One it is no hardship but a joy to "bring into captivity every thought" and every desire. This loving regard for him furnishes the supreme operative interest which grips life as a unity and keeps it from scattering in useless and endless pursuits. To know him, to understand his will, and to do it—this is the unifying interest for today, for each day, and it is produced by the belief that Christ dwells within. "The love of Christ constraineth us."

And it is not for today only, but for all days and forever; as Dr. Horton says: "The Kingdom of God and his righteousness, which Christ within keeps as the constant goal of all endeavor, the guiding star high up in the sky, must have larger meaning than we can comprehend at present, not only world-wide, but beyond the world, and beyond all worlds." In the days of old France a teacher in the royal household discovering the necessity of putting some restraint upon the waywardness of the king's son said to him one day: "Permit me to pin this bit of ribbon to the lapel of your coat; you see it is the royal purple of France." Cleverly pinning it on he continued: "Now whenever you are tempted to say or do anything unbecoming in a royal prince, listen to the appeal of the purple and refuse to stoop." Greater than this appeal to the purple of royalty is the appeal to the divinity within us, seeing that since Christ dwells within us, we are "partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through

lust." To the man who has never received Christ the Sermon on the Mount must necessarily seem impracticable and impossible; but for him in whose life Christ is enthroned it becomes the "perfect law of liberty" and not a yoke of bondage. Thomas A. Edison said that whenever by theory and analogy and calculation he assured himself that the result he was after was impossible, he then knew he was on the verge of a great discovery. "And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

Another effect, on the mind and life, of this belief in the indwelling Christ is the casting out of fear and discontent and worry, together with those passions, which are as poisons to both body and soul. We are the cowardly victims of fear—we live under its blighting bondage. But like a sweet refrain the words "Fear not," "Be not afraid," ring through the Bible from the first to the last page. "Be not afraid," said the angels to the shepherds; "Be not afraid," said Jesus to the disciples on many occasions; "Be not afraid," said the angel to the women who came early to the Master's tomb. And Christ's brave strong word within is always, Fear not; because there is nothing to fear, since "greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world." Anxiety about tomorrow it is his special function to remove. "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." And those unruly passions are subdued by his calm word: wrath, anger, jealousy, envy, hatred, malice—the whole soul-destroying crew. "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life,

shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory. Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth." Speaking again of fear—we do not know Paul's dying words, but we may see how he behaved in the apparent presence of death. On three different occasions we see him look death in the face without wincing—once when the mob was on the point of killing him in the temple court, once when his ship was wrecked on the Mediterranean Sea, and once when he sat in prison in Rome calmly awaiting the end. In all three instances there was not a word indicative of fear, but rather the note of assurance and hope, as when in the Roman prison instead of repudiating his belief, he reaffirms it, saying—"I know whom I have trusted, and I am certain he is able to keep that which I have put into his hands till that Great Day."

Another effect of this belief in Christ is the power it gives to bear suffering and to rejoice in pain—even finding blessing in it. In the third century, when persecution was rife, we find Cyprian writing to his fellow Christians who were sent to the toils and pains of the mines for their steadfast faith in Christ: "In the mines the body is refreshed, not by beds and pillows but by the comforts and joys of Christ. Your limbs, wearied with labor, recline upon the earth, but it is no punishment to lie there with Christ. Your bread is scanty, but man lives not by bread alone, but by the Word of God. You are in want of clothing to defend you from the cold, but he who has put on Christ has clothing and ornament enough .... Even though, my dearest brethren, you cannot celebrate

the communion of the Lord's supper, your faith need feel no want.... What power have you now in a victorious conscience! What triumph in your hearts, when you can walk through the mines, the enslaved bodies, but with souls conscious of mastery; when you know that Christ is with you, rejoicing in the patience of his servants, who in his footsteps and by his ways are entering into the kingdom of Eternity." And what Christ did for those saints in the mines he has done for millions of others—every known grief has been tempered, every known sorrow has been relieved. Christ has proved himself our Comforter and Physician, giving fortitude in all imaginable vicissitudes and trials of life, certifying in countless experiences that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."

Only a mile intervenes between Loch Lomond and Loch Long. Loch Lomond is an inland lake whose waters I have seen so disquieted and boisterous that they lashed the shores with angry waves. Loch Long is an arm of the sea whose waters are usually so perfectly calm that through their lucid depths may be seen the seaweed rooted on the rocks beneath. And the life of the soul, when it is like a small isolated lake, is quickly disturbed, and little annoyances toss it into convulsions. But when the soul is acquainted with God, when it knows its vast relationship and feels the tidal flow of the infinite within itself, it possesses the secret of a great calm, and the trivial things leave it undisquieted. When the soul knows God it can be still and rest.

This faith which is rooted in an experience of Christ, becoming ever more precious as it becomes more real, guiding and controlling the life, while allying it with the large inclusive purposes of the Kingdom of God and with its comfort and peace of assured victory—this is the faith which is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Its worth as an integrating force in the life of a man is illustrated in the case of Augustine. At the end of the fourth century and the beginning of the fifth, Rome was staggering to its fall. Sacked by Alaric and his hordes and sacked by the Vandals, at last the horrible collapse came with the reign of the last puppet emperor. In such a world, with the hand of blighting change heavy upon it, Augustine lived. The torrid tempestuous vices of the period appealed to the hot currents of passion which surged in his arteries. Into his brilliant untamed soul the sins of the time bit with treacherous, angry teeth. He had the mind of a king, but his unbridled nature made him a slave. Then came the golden hour when his contact with the vitalities of the Christian religion made a new man of him. The new mastery of Jesus Christ gathered all his wandering, lustful desires away from evil, and drew them in pure gladness about this new and noble and commanding allegiance. The fires of passion were put out by the waters of eternal life which began to leap fountain-like within him and to flow like vital torrents from him. The sense of his own failure and the sense of the divine aid made him a Christian and one of the greatest evangelists of all time. The grace of Christ within him raised him in defiant victory above his

times. When the timbers of the mighty fabric of the Roman Empire were breaking apart with sickening crash, this powerful man found an invisible home for his great spirit in the creative grace of the living God. And this spiritual house in which he dwelt so securely enabled him to believe in "the city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." So when Rome was tumbling into decay Augustine was writing his great book "The City of God." These snatches from his prayers reveal his loyalties and the secret of his strength: "Send down, O Lord, send down into my heart thy precious odors, that I may be ravished with the fragrance of my heavenly spouse;" "Let the light of thy countenance shine through every corner of my heart, that under thy government and conduct I may proceed from strength to strength."

Inward, Ho! The route is perilous for timid souls, but attended with thrills of delight for those who turn not back. It lies along that "new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil"—not in the open spaces but through and behind the veil in those mystic chambers, "all beautiful within." "Until Christ be formed in you." Let Gabriel Rosetti illustrate the meaning in his picture, "Behold the Handmaid of the Lord," painted when he was but twenty-one years old. Mary has just started from sleep on her little white bed, wakened by the bright vision of the angel, and is casting in her mind "what manner of salutation this should be." A simple blue curtain hangs behind her. The only other furnishing in the room is a little hand-loom on which she has been weaving her ideals—red for divine love, white

for purity of heart, and the lilies in the pattern speak of beautiful life springing up to God. A dove is wafted in at the window and the angel holds in his hand a white lily which he is offering to Mary. To the virgin this experience meant a secret that she could not share, participation in a fearful mystery that was charged with momentous significance for all time and for other worlds. This untutored peasant girl with no dowry but a pure heart and a longing to do God's will is brought face to face with the unescapable and the inscrutable. Rosetti was poet as well as painter and in his verses to Mary's girlhood he has expressed this moment of the girl's awakening to the angel's announcement:

> "So held she through her girlhood, as it were,
> An angel-watered lily, that near God
> Grows and is quiet. Till one dawn at home
> She woke in her white bed, and had no fear
> At all, yet wept till sunshine, and felt awed,
> Because the fullness of the time had come."

In her maiden heart grew the angel-watered lily, near God and quiet. This ideal of white purity she wove day after day into her tapestry, until by the angel hand it is brought to her, from heaven's garden, divinely real. Mary has no longer a personal will; she has surrendered it to God's dread keeping. She gladly gives him all. "And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word." Shall we see in this picture our own spiritual selves and say, "Be it unto me according to thy word?" It is in such moments of surrender that new eras begin to be and from which God's Messiah is reborn.

THE UNLIMITED LOVE-TONE

"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."—*Eph.* 3:17–19

A new note broke over our strife-torn world when the angels sang at Bethlehem, "On earth peace, good will toward men." The ruling chord of that anthem was caught and borne along with increasing rich dimensions in the life of Jesus above all the discords of the tormented world into which he had come. It is heaven's own love-tone. It is the spirit of infinite tenderness brooding wistfully over, yet soaring joyfully above, our humanity. It not only lived in Jesus' life, it triumphed through his death and still continues vital and vibrant. It reached its full volume in his teachings which are summarized in the Sermon on the Mount. Since Jesus was what he was, "the embodiment of the Eternal in time, the God-man, the last value and meaning of the cosmos in terms of a human being," it could not be otherwise than that his great sermon should be the perfect output of his personality, even as the sunshine is the natural product of the sun. Said an old lace-maker, "I was twenty years

making it, and now I have sold it, I am lonely; for all the thoughts I have thought, and all the love I have felt, and all the happiness I used to dream of, are there; my lace is my life—all spun out of my soul." So our Lord's great sermon sprang from within himself. And furthermore, it is the manifesto of the movement which he began, the Magna Charta of his Kingdom. The devil, from an exceeding high mountain, had showed him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; now from another mountain Jesus surveys his own kingdom and shows it to his disciples, and in doing so he draws the picture of those who may enter and occupy that kingdom.

Men who heard him said he spoke with authority; that is to say, he spoke with authority and not by authority, not like an authorized official or agent whose authority must be certified by badge or document with signature and seal attached; not like one speaking by order of another, but with original unborrowed confidence in himself. There is no strained note, but the sweet, lovely utterance of a heart resting in God, of a heart in which are blended the rest and rhythm of God. The Sermon on the Mount is self-validating among all other deliverances, "The one refulgent diamond dimming with the clear splendor of its pure light the colored poverty of emeralds and sapphires." It is quiet, serene and calm with a great assurance. Its message is pleading, not threatening.

It invites to meekness, mercy, purity of heart. Go about life quietly, radiantly, with happy glowing face. Repose in God, do not fret, do not worry over trivial

matters, drop your loads of care. Believe, trust, love, be childlike, penitent, charitable, forgiving. Do not be vexed about poverty, food, clothing. The divine beneficence abounds in flowers, fruits, birds, men. Life is holy and good, with joy at the heart of it like nectar in a flower. Do not nurse grievances, do not be angry, censorious, or vengeful. Stop quarreling even in the middle of a dispute and make friends with those who oppose you. Accept persecution and misrepresentation with patience and endurance. Pray for those who deal with you badly. Be tender. Always do your part, and then double the doing of it. Remove anxiety, yielding up self and care into the hands of divine love and power. Be persuasive rather than aggressive. Seek the Kingdom of God first, for you cannot serve him if you put your reliance in mammon. Safety is with God—he will provide all needful sufficiencies. Let your light shine. Adorn your profession. Let your love burn. And leave all to him who cares for you—he even cares for the grass and clothes the flowers and is with the dying sparrow when it falls. How supernaturally exquisite it all is, how beautiful, how lofty!

The life whose lines he drew so exact and vivid Jesus himself lived. He lived it cheerfully, exuberantly, uncomplainingly, without doubt or deviation or slightest default.

"But Thee, but Thee, O sovereign Seer of time,
But Thee, O poet's Poet, Wisdom's Tongue,
But Thee, O man's best Man, O love's best Love,
O perfect Life in perfect labor writ,
O all men's Comrade, Servant, King or Priest,—

What if or yet, what mole, what flaw, what lapse,
What least defect or shadow of defect,
Oh, what amiss may I forgive in Thee,
Jesus, good Paragon, Thou Crystal Christ?"

He lived it like the crusaders' "Fair Lord God," staking everything, risking everything on his absolute confidence in the victorious power of self-sacrificing love. He lived as if he believed that "no imbecility, no lunacy, no immorality, no savagery, no deviltry, could in the long run prevail against the melting, soul-subduing, regenerating, and transfiguring influence of holy love." He lived divinely, always doing his Father's will. The flowering climax of that kind of living was reached when, on another occasion, "he went up into an high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light .... and a bright cloud overshadowed him; and behold a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Such was the crowning to which such a life as his must come. It was the logical, inevitable outcome. It was heaven's certification of its own. He lived divinely and attained the divine approval—"My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

We know that our world gave another verdict. We know that in his own earthly life it worked out differently. The hate of men conquered him physically, "And when they were come to a place called Golgotha, that is to say, a place of a skull, they gave him vinegar to drink mingled with gall.... And they crucified him." At Calvary earth condemned what heaven had

approved on the Mount of Transfiguration. Earth and heaven are judged by the judgments they render. Hate tortured and hanged him, broke, and put a stop to, the physical body through which his all-victorious love had functioned. Disliking the music it smashed the instrument which produced it. Yet who among us doubts that our Lord was right in all he said and did. It was not love that failed; it was humanity that failed; because fettered with hate it lacked capacity to respond to the love that Christ lived. Christ did not fail. Men failed.

But their failure was not entirely complete because a little band of those, who, through scare and cowardice had run away, came back to claim another chance and from their chastened souls sounds out once more the mellow love-tone, which had been muted only temporarily. There came into being the most wonderful organism that the world has ever seen—the church of Christ. The story of Jesus' life is a continuing story. He lives and loves even on earth, and his love is the supreme glory of the ages. As the prophet saw the waters issuing eastward from beneath the altar in the temple, with growth and beauty springing up whithersoever the waters were come, so the love of Christ leaps forward from Calvary alive and active. The human race goes on and Christ has not yet abandoned it. He is in the stream of our modern time riding its floods and controlling them for good. Like the Gulf Stream his love flows upon the bosom of the great ocean of human interest mingling its warm currents with the whole expanse of human aspiration.

No one can deny the truth of the teachings in the

Sermon on the Mount, or the beauty and power of the life which Jesus lived. The chief criticism urged is that they are too lofty for actual life. Human nature being what it is, can men be required to love their enemies, to refrain from evil in their thoughts, to cast off all anxieties, to live always for the highest? It is pointed out that if some of the demands of Jesus were pressed literally, human society would hardly be possible. To place his meaning beyond all doubt Jesus purposely stated it in extreme terms, and allowance must indeed be made for certain exaggerations of language. But when all is said it must be affirmed that the idealism is the highest.

But what would we have? Is imperfection worth striving for? The world is full of average ideas, what is needed is something above us. Says a noted English writer: "Ideas are like pebbles which disturb the wave on the shore; the ideal like the celestial body which dominates the tides." The ideal challenges the will and causes us to move out, toward completeness and happiness. The one true ideal is Christ. He stands for perfection. His standards of right, his love, his sacrifice, his spirit transcend anything we know or can think; we bow before him and call him "Our Lord and Saviour." But such lip-service is little and intellectual acceptance is not enough. There are many who are true to George Eliot's description of Hetty in Adam Bede: "Hetty was one of those numerous people who have god-fathers and god-mothers, learned their catechism, been confirmed and gone to church every Sunday, and yet for any practical result of strength in life, or trust in death, have

never appropriated a single Christian idea or Christian feeling." Over against such a futile form of religion consider the possibilities embraced in the prayer which was read as a text at the beginning—"to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." Here is what satisfies us. Here is wideness like the wideness of the seas. Here are heights towering above us like a mountain peak.

Leigh Mallory, leader of the climbing parties to reach the top of Mount Everest, was talking about what proved to be his last venture. Here is the substance of what he said: "The first question which you will ask and which I must try to answer is this, 'What is the use of climbing Mount Everest?' and my answer at once must be, 'It's no use.' There is not the slightest prospect of any gain whatsoever. We shall not bring back a single bit of gold or silver, not a gem, nor any coal or iron. We shall not find a foot of earth that can be planted with crops to raise food. It is no use. So, if you cannot understand that there is something in man which responds to the challenge of this mountain and goes out to meet it, that the struggle is the struggle of life itself upward and forever upward, then you will not see why we go. What we get from this adventure is just sheer joy. And joy is, after all, the end of life. We do not live to eat and make money. We eat and make money to be able to enjoy life. That is what life means and what life is for." A year later, on a spring day in 1924, an observer at the foot of Everest, staring up at the summit of the mountain through a telescope, saw the morning mists part

around the summit revealing two black figures climbing steadily upward—Mallory and his companion. At that moment they were at a height of 28,400 feet, higher than any man has ever climbed before and only six hundred feet below the top. Then the clouds closed in again. That is all. Mallory and his fellow climber were seen no more. Whether or not they reached the summit is still an unanswered riddle. They lost their lives certainly not far from the summit. When last seen they were going up. When they fell, they fell on high; their grave in the purity of the snow, their shroud its whiteness.

This Everest story is touched with a fine religious spirit. Mallory's attacks on the mountain and finally his death just beneath the highest spot on earth is the way one man dramatically asked and answered the question, "What is the chief end of man?" "The chief end of man is to glorify God and to enjoy him forever." The highest joy we may know is the joy of struggling to meet the challenge with which we are confronted by Christ and the wonderful prayer which we have had for our text reveals how in his strength and love we may embrace the challenge and attain the goal of his ideal.

Tennyson's last volume published just before his death includes "Merlin and the Gleam," an allegory of the ideals he had set before himself as a poet. He, as the old man, talks to the young mariners just about to set out. He tells of the Gleam which shines for every one who will see it; which calls, which beckons on through wilderness, drear hollows and mountain wraiths; which passes the warbling waters and cata-

ract music of falling torrents and over the levels of pasture and ploughland. Onward, and ever onward, it leads. To follow it is to live, to die in the search for it is happiness, for the Gleam can never fail.

"There on the border
Of boundless Ocean
And all but in Heaven
Hovers the Gleam."

So to the young mariners, the old magician gives his parting word of counsel—

"Down to the haven,
Launch your vessel
And crowd your canvas,
And ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam."

Our Lord followed the gleam of holy purpose to do his Father's Will and so blazed love's Road Beautiful for us to follow. With face set stedfast he marched past all the milestones along our winding trail, "in all points tempted like as we." The winged Victory, which the Messenians set on the temple at Olympia stood on a block of stone above the temple, but the block was painted blue, so that, as the spectator came up, he saw the temple and the angle of its roof, and then what appeared to be a gap of blue sky and the exquisitely carved goddess just beginning to fly through the air from the summit of the temple—quite a clever piece of deception. There was no make-believe

about Jesus. His ascent was over the solid steps of human experience. "Making himself of no reputation, he took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name."

THE ATTRACTIVE CHRIST

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."—*John* 12:32.

"What the hand is to the lute,
What the breath is to the flute,
What is fragrance to the smell,
What the spring is to the well,
What the flower is to the bee,
That is Jesus Christ to me.

"What the mother to the child,
What the guide in pathless wild,
What is oil to troubled wave,
What is ransom to the slave,
What is water to the sea,
That is Jesus Christ to me."

The attractive Christ! What an engaging theme! Attractive means having the power or quality of drawing forth interest, affection, or devotion. Here then is a character whose gentleness made little children eager to leap into his arms, whose authoritative power compelled soldiers to regard him with awe, whose spiritual fineness won the noblest women to his discipleship, whose courageous advocacy of righteousness stirred the enthusiasm of the wisest and devoutest men, whose hope-bringing compassion drew disheartened sinners into a new life. So attractive was he that

he won all sorts of people, and filled up that which was lacking in every life that turned to him. So abiding has he been in his winsomeness that history, religion, worship, scholarship; poetry, music, painting, and sculpture, exhaust their resources to proclaim his glory and to offer him praise worthy of the adoration ages have consecrated to him. Everything we want is found in him: everything at its best.

I.

He shows us the supreme pattern of character. The great, general, pervasive idea of the Old and the New Testament is that of purity. The dominant theme of prophets, lawgivers, poets, evangelists, and apostles is that of the clean heart and beautiful life; and in the midst of all the radiant shapes and ideals of revelation stands Jesus alone, incomparable, fulfilling every vision and hope, free from fault or stain.

And he is our pattern. To learn to do well, we must see well-doing, see it in its highest perfection. We must fix our mind on what is lofty and pure, stir and inspire it with the image of truth and nobleness. The cause of virtue is not forwarded by keeping before men the horror and repulsiveness of vice. Many novelists are flooding the land with a torrent of fleshly romances in which every brutal feature and devilish trait of human nature is delineated. The drama is fond of holding up the mirror to nature, with the result that such ugly reflections are shown that one might think that the stage existed in the interests of

the doctrines of total depravity and original sin. Newspapers, assuming to foster purity, rake the kennels and go to an extreme in explaining and exhibiting the most repulsive incidents in individual and social life. And the pulpit is not free from elaborating the vices which it would reprobate, the horror too often long drawn out. All this may be done with the best intention; but the method is false and contrary to that of divine revelation, which dwells with delight on the lofty, the holy, the divine, but with averted eyes deals with things sensual and devilish, hating even the garments spotted by sin.

Teachers do not train their pupils in composition by familiarizing them with specimens of bad grammar and spelling; neither do they teach music through falsetto, nor create the sense of art by gazing on misshapen images and conflicting colors. Occasionally they may refer to the false and the ugly, but in the main they seek to educate their scholars by setting before them the truest examples of intellectual perfection. It is a mistake to imagine that the vision of sin will help us to holiness; it is the vision of the sweet, the pure, the beautiful that transforms us into the glory we crave. This fact finds supreme illustration in the character and life of our Lord Jesus Christ. In him divine beauty, goodness, and truth become concrete in human embodiment. His eternal perfection in human situations appeals to our eyes, arrests our thought, charms our heart. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory," and as we behold we "are changed into the same image from glory to glory."

II.

Christ supplies the essential principle of morals. By his own life he set up a standard of goodness that immediately revealed to themselves the shortcomings of those who came into his presence. "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord," said Simon Peter; "I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof," said the centurion; while others kneeled at his feet and wept over their sins. His words were a transcript of his life and by them he advanced his standards of right living into all realms of society. A modern writer whose books are widely read, summed up the present situation by declaring: "As a matter of fact, the higher man of today is not worrying about his sins at all, much less about their punishment." But this saying is not quite complimentary to the wisdom of this "higher man," for if the sin is there, it were better for him to worry about it. Here is the explanation given by Paul for an absence of concern about sin: "In the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron." A Jewish legend affirms that if an angel spends seven days on the earth he becomes gross and opaque and loses the use of his wings. We all know too well the debasing power of worldly environment. The lust of the flesh, the desire of the eye, and the pride of life secularize and animalize. It may be true that we cannot utterly extirpate any of the great faculties and instincts of our nature, but certainly we can to an

alarming degree becloud and stultify our primitive and noblest powers.

"Their conscience seared with a hot iron"—what a startling statement! So may we do injustice to our higher nature until all sensitiveness to spiritual powers and influences is lost, the power of belief in higher things is decayed, and those supreme faculties of the soul, which enable us to hold fellowship with God and which constitute our glory, are dulled and paralyzed, it would seem, beyond recovery. Thousands about us have withered from the top, they have dried up in their hearts; so far as their higher being is concerned they walk the streets in their shroud. "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." "To be carnally minded is death." Into such a world Jesus came, and called men to the ideals which he announced in the Sermon on the Mount. If it is true, as someone has observed, that religion is optimism rooted in pessimism, then Jesus was supremely and daringly religious. There is sublimity in the challenge which Jesus hurled at the times in which he lived; and he challenges this age and its civilization, which really seems unconscious of the primitive sins which lurk in all the conventional relationships of our modern society. He challenges religion—our present Christianity, which must achieve a far larger measure of disentanglement from modern civilization, than it can at present claim, before it can hope to save either itself or civilization. The morality proclaimed by Jesus offers the only way out for our vexed, bewildered, enthralled humanity. He stands where the currents cross calling to us over the tumult,

and evermore offering us the golden measure of manhood and womanhood.

III.

Jesus deals adequately with our deepest spiritual needs. He comes into the middle of the stream to save us. "He loved us and gave himself for us." His greatest attraction appears when we see him lifted up. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me. This he said, signifying what death he should die."

"God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." There is no power so effectual to draw men away from sin as the power revealed in Christ crucified. This indeed is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Readers of George Macdonald's "Malcolm" cannot forget the chapter on "The Marquis and the Schoolmaster." The dying marquis sends for the schoolmaster, Mr. Graham. The schoolmaster knows his man well, and begins his work with great caution. "Are you satisfied with yourself, my lord?" "No, by God!" "You would like to be better?" "Yes; but how is a poor devil to get out of this infernal scrape?" "Keep the commandments." "That's it, of course;

but there's no time!" "If there were but time to draw another breath, there would be time to begin!" "How am I to begin? Which am I to begin with?" "There is one commandment which includes all the rest!" "Which is that?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." And when the dying marquis passed from the ten commandments to the one commandment that includes all the ten, he found the peace for which he hungered. "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness."

The attractive Christ is supremely attractive as Saviour. Once as he moved forward under the shadow of the cross, he answered and said, "I thank Thee O Father, Lord of heaven and earth." "And is it not true that very often the only answer to discouragement is found in prayer? And then he added, "All things are delivered unto me of my Father." In his discouragement he knew that while there were barriers in the hearts of men, there was no barrier in the heart of God, and that though men would have none of him he exulted in the thought that he had everything for them. Then followed such an outpouring of heart as there never has been before. He knows that only in the Father can men find rest and so he says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." It is beautiful and touching to observe how our Lord in these most precious words makes his appeal more personal than he has ever done

before. Hitherto his great subject has been the Kingdom of Heaven, and he has called upon men to enter it, but they have refused to do so. He knows what the difficulty is; it is the hardness of their hearts. If he could only get at their hearts! But how can he do it? It can only be by the opening out of all his heart, so he will now make his pleading a personal entreaty.

And how tenderly he thinks of them—no more upbraiding, no more reproof. He will seek to reach the conscience through the heart. He forgets everything but their weariness and their woe. "Come unto me and I will give you rest;" "Learn of me and ye shall find rest." This sweetest of all his invitations, the most touching of all his appeals, comes from a heart that has just been wounded in its tenderest place and has grown weary with the bitterest disappointment. It is here that we see Christ in his full attractiveness. "Come unto me and I will rest you," is the invitation which he gives to sinners laboring and heavy laden. "Take my yoke upon you and ye shall find rest," is the invitation which he gives to those who are willing to serve him as Lord. Sinners are given rest as they come to him as Saviour. His disciples find rest as they serve him as Lord.

That is the decisive test of a religion that claims to be universal and professes to meet the needs of a world. What message has it for those who labor and are heavy laden? A religion that cannot minister to them is not worth the name. And who are the weary and heavy laden? I am thinking they are the people who have lost heart; the people who feel life's load too heavy for them; the people whose spirits are wounded

and crushed by sorrow; the people who are worn and torn and shorn by sorrow, by temptation, by fear, by sin—terrible, deathly sin. I venture to say they constitute the majority of mankind. At one time or another we all find ourselves enrolled in one of these ranks. Can our religion do anything for such? Can Christ minister to the diseased mind? Can he bind up the broken in heart? If so, his gospel is different from some other theories that prevail in the world, which find expression in the cheerless philosophy of Omar Khayyam:

> "The moving finger writes; and, having writ
> Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
> Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
> Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

It is only in the gospel of Christ that we find out that God is really on our side. As Matthew Henry puts it, "By the light of nature we see God as a God above us; by the light of the law we see him as a God against us, but by the light of the gospel we see him as a God with us." That is the chief attraction that troubled sinners find in Christ—that God is not against us; but for us, and with us, and on our side. Mr. Matheson in his book on "The Portrait of Christ" puts it this way: "Christianity is a re-gressive religion." That is it exactly. It goes back to gather up the lost things—the things that have fallen by the roadside and have been left behind. It is the glory of Jesus that he goes back to the dark forest of humanity to seek the wilful bewildered children that have lost their

way. All other religions and theories are pressing forward. Plato can build his ideal republic, if you will allow him to pick his material. Let him have cultured, refined, virtuous people to work with, and he can create what he believed would be an ideal state, but it is only the "fit" he wants. Jesus alone has a message for the weak, the other religions preach the heartless doctrine of the "survival of the fittest." Jesus preaches the "survival of the unfit." He brings good tidings to the poor. He was a friend to publicans and sinners. The men and women who have fallen on the march and been left crippled along the way—he breathes new hope in them, lifts them up, and sets them going in the highway of God's commandments. It is just this that makes him the attractive Christ. I have seen the drawing power of Christ demonstrated over and over again. I know that he can lift the burden from the suffering heart, that he does forgive men's sins and set them free. I know that the gospel will work, for I have seen it work; and nowhere more effectively than among the cowboys in the mountains of New Mexico, many miles from the railroads and towns, where I have often preached and witnessed the stalwart sons of the frontier, shod in silver-spurred boots and with bandanna handkerchiefs about their necks, coming forward to confess their sins and to accept the salvation which Christ freely gives. The first song that I ever learned to sing is, "O Happy Day," and I learned it from the lips of my mother now in heaven. As I have heard the newly redeemed cowboys of the Southwest sing it, I have learned anew the meaning of the attracting,

saving power of Christ. I wish you could hear them sing by the light of the campfires:

> "'Tis done; the great transaction's done!
> I am my Lord's and he is mine;
> He drew me, and I followed on,
> Charmed to confess the voice divine."

IV.

Once more the attractiveness of Christ appears as he endows with the master energy for serviceable and victorious living; it grows upon us with increasing splendor as his righteousness is revealed to us from faith to faith and as we receive of his fulness, grace upon grace. Coming to him, he gives us rest from labor; taking his yoke, we find rest in labor.

Only as we accept the Lordship of Christ will it be possible for us to know how gloriously attractive he is. We find rest as we submit to his yoke. It has been said that Christ in his days of toil at Nazareth was a maker of yokes and that he fitted them to the necks of the animals, so that they might, without pain or choking, draw their burdens more easily. A yoke is not an instrument of torture or punishment. Some mischievous cattle are burdened with instruments to prevent them from pushing through the fences, but such an instrument is not a yoke, its correct name is "poke" and is defined as a collar with an impeding attachment, as prongs of iron projecting, so as to keep beasts from breaking through an enclosure. There may be those who think of the mastership of Christ as such a hindrance, but this is not the case. Christ's

rule is not a poke, but a yoke, and he says that his yoke is easy, while John declares that "his commandments are not grievous." We must take his yoke voluntarily. He will not make us take it. "And as they came out they found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name; him they compelled to go with them, that he might bear his cross." Simon did not consent to the cross. He was compelled. In contrast with this, Paul declared that he gloried in the cross, even to the point of crucifixion with Christ. It is not enough that we cling to the cross; we are called upon to carry it. We err if we try to make the gospel too cheap and bring it to lower and lower terms. There are no terms to be haggled over in the gospel. Christ never offered less than himself in all his grace and truth, and he never asks less than the surrender of the whole man to himself. Christ asks that we give ourselves to him, and not to any easy service, but to something the figure of which is a yoke, the symbol of which is a cross. A yoke is not an instrument to be borne by one, but by two. To yoke means to couple together, to join. Christ asks us to join him under the yoke which he himself is bearing. Coming thus into fellowship, it is our privilege to live in the glow of a great love. John Ruskin says that there is no picture possible unless there be in it what he calls "heaven-light." And there is no really great life possible in this world except as a man lives it in the light of the unseen and the eternal, and this comes to us through fellowship with Christ.

As the yoke is the symbol of fellowship, so Christ calls us to share also with him his cross. It is when

he is lifted up that his drawing power is complete and irresistible. Yielded to it life comes to its fullest triumph and is crowned with the brightest glory. Two passages from Galatians reveal this: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me"; "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

RELEASING THE IMPRISONED SPLENDOR

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto a treasure hidden in the field; which a man found and hid; and in his joy he goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field."—*Matt.* 13:44.

"He is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name."—*Acts* 9:15.

"But we have this treasure in earthen vessels."—*II Cor.* 4:7.

"And they brake the pitchers, and held the lamps in their left hands."—*Judges* 7:20.

"And opening their treasures they offered unto him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh."—*Matt.* 2:11.

"There came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard very precious; and she brake the box, and poured it on his head."—*Mark* 14:3.

"Stir up the gift of God, which is in thee."—*II Tim.* 1:6.

"Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house."—*Matt.* 5:15

The meaning of all these verses may be summed up in these lines:

"To know
Rather consists in opening out a way,
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape."

What a captivating phrase!—"a way whence the imprisoned splendor may escape!"

In this story about the hidden treasure the Master gives us a picture of himself discovering and recovering the buried values of the human soul—"the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Because of the danger of fire, or plundering thieves, or invading armies, so common in Palestine in olden times, the burying of money, jewelry, and other treasure in the earth used to be a general practice. When the owner died without revealing where his treasures were hid, it became the usage that such valuables should belong to him who bought the land where they were concealed. The search for such treasures was common, and when a find was made it was occasion for great rejoicing. In modern times similar searching parties for treasure-trove have frequently been organized and have been rewarded with success. Such projects have furnished the basis for some thrilling stories such as Poe's "Gold Bug" and Stevenson's "Treasure Isle." In the front window of a bank in a Southern city a heap of gold coins was on exhibition some months ago—money which had been buried during the Civil War and only recently found.

In addition to such concealment of valuables in the earth immense quantities of money and jewelry have been lost at sea, never to be brought up again. Besides these treasures, buried through fear or lost by accident, there are vaster natural resources hidden away in the earth undiscovered and unutilized; sometimes they are trodden over unnoticed by successive generations, to be found later by the simplest accident. The history of industrial development consists in large degree in finding and exploiting those hidden riches. From

many unexpected sources streams of wealth now flow where formerly there seemed to be but desolation, and where there had been reckless waste, through ignorance or neglect, the by-products of industry are adding immensely to the wealth of the world. Not alone in the discovery of untouched resources, but in finding new values in the things that lie immediately around us, is one of the surest ways of building a fortune. Now the Kingdom of heaven is like that. Jesus says, "The Kingdom of heaven is like unto a treasure hidden in the field; which a man found—."

A basic principle in the Kingdom of heaven is to know how and where to find new values. This field the Master tells about was worth more than had been thought, on account of the treasure beneath the surface. The value was waiting to be discovered, uncovered, and recovered. A thrilling chapter in the history of industry might be written on the present-day discovery of new values and new uses. The huge piles of wheat straw and like material seen on Western farm lands, much of it hitherto burned to get rid of it, will in future, we are told, become an added source of income to the farmers, owing to methods now developed for using it in the production of paper and building material, and of chemicals useful in the making of perfume, solvents, and dye substances. Great modern mills are being erected for this purpose. Every year the wheat growers have been burning up straw; they destroyed a potential value of millions of dollars, just as the cotton farmers in the Southern states used to allow their cottonseed to go to waste in rotting piles in the fields, until they discovered and learned to utilize

these unknown values. Within a very short time this by-product of the wheat sections, thus rescued from waste, will become, we are told, a source of large profit to the farmers. The Kingdom of heaven is like that. The Kingdom program plans for the discovery and redemption of values.

Reports have recently come that the British Government is inviting bids for the exploitation of the salt, potash, bromine, and other chemical deposits of the Dead Sea in Palestine, the total estimated values of which challenge the powers of imagination to calculate. If estimates are correct, never before in the history of the world have such fabulous riches been found accumulated in so small a locality. The Kingdom of heaven is like that, discovering unheard of wealth in places of stagnation and death! We cannot but think of the suppressed wealth of personality and property that ought to be available in advancing the halting program of Christ's Gospel. The wise men from the east "opened their treasures" and presented gifts of gold and other desirable things to Jesus. It is one of the surest marks of wisdom to know how to open up the treasure chests that "the imprisoned splendor may escape." Mary "broke the alabaster box" and the fragrance of her ointment filled all the house where they were sitting. Again we are thinking of the unfound wealth of hearts in those broad countries where Jesus is not well known. Despite the temporary setbacks to mission work in some parts there is no justified reason for any sort of relaxed effort. This is the time to beat a march, not a retreat. Some of the diamonds of rarest beauty and value were found

by accident in Africa. There are many diamond hearts there waiting the day of discovery. These, like the unpolished gems to be found everywhere, are waiting for the ardent searcher for souls.

"A diamond in the rough,
Is a diamond—sure enough;
For before it ever sparkles
It is made of diamond stuff.

"Of course, someone must find it,
Or it never will be found,
And then someone must grind it,
Or it never will be ground.

"But when it's found and when it's ground
And when it's burnished bright,
That diamond everlastingly
Just flashes out the light."

Where we least thought to find it unexpected worth sometimes comes to light. A St. Louis art dealer bought a picture in a New York auction room for two hundred and fifty dollars. Taking it home, he later called in an art detective, who upon careful examination announced that the painting was a masterpiece by the great Delacroix. Upon close scrutiny by means of a magnifying glass he actually found the artist's signature. There it was indeed, this noble picture of Christ surrounded by his disciples, come from the great French master by some unknown route to America, and after all these years it turns up in St. Louis by way of an art auction. What is it worth? "Any-

where from one hundred thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," replied the expert examiner. The Kingdom of heaven is like that—finding values that have been forgotten, treasures that are lost, beauty that is dust-covered, and the mark of the Master in strange places. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto hidden treasure."

I have just read Bramwell Booth's "Echoes and Memories," in which he tells how his father, William Booth, was always looking for something good in men and always finding it. He tells us that the founder of the Salvation Army believed that every man was bigger than he thought himself to be—that every man had, so to speak, the making of a greater in him, just as the bud unfolds the flower. He was always prepared to find the new man emerging to suppress the old. His own expectation thus helped to form and elicit that which was expected. Frequently he produced the most marvelous changes in the whole outlook of a man, especially a young man. Such a one may have believed himself to be nobody in particular, and perhaps was very nearly right in that respect; but he would go out from William Booth's presence with head erect, believing himself to be somebody and determined to try to make his ideal a reality. The Kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field,—and hid in a man.

Ole Bull and John Errickson had grown up together in Norway, but each had gone his own way. Bull loved the beautiful and learned to express himself on the violin. Errickson had a mathematical and mechan-

ical mind and thought of Bull as a visionary who would never amount to anything. Their paths parted. Bull went on with his music and gained an international hearing; Errickson came to the United States and became a well known manufacturer. As the years passed by Errickson prospered greatly in his business. Frequently he saw headlines in the papers about his boyhood friend but gave such notices slight attention. Finally, Ole came to the United States and even played in John's own city, but John was too busy and too practical to go to hear his recital. Ole, learning of this, went to see him in his factory. He first talked of mechanics and various kinds of material used in manufacturing, things in which John was already interested, until his old friend was all attention before he knew it and wondered how Ole ever gained knowledge of such things. In this way the musician drew him on until he showed him the mechanism of the violin and demonstrated its resonancy. Then he swept the bow across the strings, explaining, as he did so, the wonderful effect of the vibrations. When he was finally convinced that Errickson was sufficiently interested he threw his whole soul into an old and familiar Norwegian melody. As he played strain after strain, Errickson wept, saying through his tears, "Play on, Ole, you have discovered the thing that has been lacking in me all these years." As the violinist played men left their tasks and came into the office until Errickson gave orders for all work to cease until all his operatives might hear Ole Bull play on his wonderful violin.

"Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

Lee Hamilton has written a sonnet, which is called "Sunken Gold." In it he describes masses of gold doubloons, gemmed rings, and costly pearls buried in decaying ships in the dim green depths, "where sea-weed forests fill each ocean dell"; and then he adds:

"So lie the wasted acts, the long lost hopes,
Beneath the long hushed surface of myself,
In lonelier depths than where the diver gropes.
They lie, deep, deep; but I at times behold
In doubtful glimpses, on some reefy shelf,
The gleam of irrecoverable gold."

"Long lost" and "lying deep, deep," but not "irrecoverable"! That story, old yet ever new, of the sheep brought home from the desert on the shepherd's shoulder, of the coin found by the housewife searching with lighted candle in one hand and broom in the other, of the wastrel son received "safe and sound" in his father's house, is the unchanging token that Jesus still receives sinners and casts out none who will come to him.

In a little church on the Continent of Europe is a picture of the crucifixion, which shows the nails driven through the hands and feet of Christ, and on through the beams into the hands and feet of the heavenly Father who is seen in the shadow behind the cross. Of course the painting is pictorial and child-minded

but it is the symbolic suggestion of a great reality. If God is really God, then our salvation in the truest sense is bound up with his uncalculating and unlimited love which suffers in our defeats and thrills with joy in our recovery and remaking. Against any deep-sunken condition of human sinfulness is matched this venturing love of God which "goes after that which is lost until it is found." The goal of salvation is not in part but in whole. "He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." "When Christ shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory"; and "when he shall appear, we shall be like him." "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the Kingdom of their Father," "not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing . . . but holy and without blemish"; "that in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus. For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God."

THE FRUITS OF FRIENDSHIP

"I have called you friends. . . . I have chosen you . . . that ye should go and bring forth fruit."—*John* 15:15, 16.

The noble allegory of the vine was a favorite theme for my youthful attempts at expository preaching. It seemed comparatively easy and well within my range of thought, since I was born and grew up amid the scenes of rural life. In memory's keeping, like bridal flowers pressed within an old fashioned family Bible, are still treasured certain encouraging words which my efforts drew from appreciative farmer friends whom I shall see no more until we meet by the crystal river beneath the tree of life. Once more I turn to this fragrant figure with renewed appreciation of its wealth of meaning including, as it does, the marvels of nature and the mysteries of grace.

The author of the Fourth Gospel puts on an advanced course of instruction in the meanings of the Christian life which reaches its high point of thought in this chapter.

Relationships

Passing the earlier stages of experience, he deals with relationships in their higher reaches, tracing them up into the unity between the Master and his disciples

as it is pictured in the oneness of the vine and the branches; the vine finding fruitage in the branches, the branches reaching down for rootage in the vine. The vine can bear no fruit if it has no branches; the branches cannot live without the vine. Without the branches the vine is a fruitless pole; without the stem the branches wither and die. This direct use of the figure of the vine is soon dropped, but the vein of thought runs on through the chapter, rising grandly to the level of personal relationships. Paul frequently referred to himself as the "bond slave" of Christ, but Jesus himself declares here that no longer does he call us servants, but friends, because the servant knows not what his Lord does, for "all that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." These words fling wide open before us the door into the truest freedom. Without this proclamation we are drudges, accepting the tasks allotted us because we must, not because we will; plodding on without any intelligent part in the great unfolding plan. This is the essence of slavery.

The Lord laid his finger on the sorest spot of this deepest human sore when he said, "The slave knows not what his master does." To have to work in ignorance is to be robbed of all that constitutes manhood. For a man to be compelled to work out the purposes of another, purposes not even hinted to him and with which he might have no sympathy, this is bitterness indeed, this is to be treated like a fool and as a tool for accomplishing aims chosen by another. Sailors and soldiers have often mutinied under similar treat-

ment. Men do not feel degraded by suffering any amount of hardship, short rations, long marches, thin clothes, broken tents, snows, storms, and fierce battles; but they do feel degraded when they are used as weapons of offence, while debarred from the privilege of even sympathizing with a great design or sharing intelligently in the common cause. Yet such is the life which, apart from Christ, we are forced to live.

Carlyle with something of bitterness is driven to say: "Here on earth we are soldiers, fighting in a foreign land, that understand not the plan of campaign and have no need to understand, seeing what is at our hand to be done"—an excellent picture of slaves, but not descriptive of the life we are meant for, nor of the life our Lord would be content to give us. He comes among us and says: "You are not slaves, you are my friends. Let us all work together. This world is really worth saving—something can be made of it. Let us strive with heart and hope to make of it something worthy. Let unity of aim and work link us together." This is the relationship of freedom and friendship into which he invites us. And he lifts the thought still higher by declaring that the plans under which we work are not designed by a mighty over-lord, but by our common Father. "All things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." And fifty-one times in these heart-talks he repeats that ennobling word "Father." The elder son in the parable of the prodigal denies his sonship by the words, "These many years do I serve (slave for) thee." Sons do not slave—they co-operate.

Resources

The resources are adequate. "I am the vine, ye are the branches; he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." This is the secret of fruitfulness. All that the branch needs is in the vine. It needs not go beyond the vine for anything. When we feel the life of Christ ebbing from our souls, our leaf fading, our hearts sapless, there is a remedy, and it is to renew our fellowship with Christ. "As my Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love," and again, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." What more could we ask? He is our friend and partner. Here he puts at our command his unlimited resources, to be drawn according to our needs.

"There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things that I have seen I now can see no more.

"The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;

The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

Though we may not see it, the glory is still there, while our Lord's wish for us is that his joy might remain in us, and that our joy might be full.

Something may of course be made of life apart from Christ. A man may have some enjoyment and do some good apart from Christ. He may, for example, be an inventor, who makes human life easier or safer or fuller of interest for many. He may be a literary man, who by his writings enlightens and elevates mankind. He may, with utter disregard of Christ, toil for his country, or his community, or his family. But the best uses and ends of human life cannot be attained independent of Christ. He alone holds the key to all that is most permanent and satisfying in human endeavor, to all that is best and deepest in human character. Only in him can we take our place as partners with God in what he is really doing with this world. In him God does reveal himself, and in him the fulness of God is found by us. As six golden steps, each guarded on either side by two massive lions, formed the ascent to Solomon's great throne of ivory, where he sat to govern the chosen people, so the Christian's business, his calling and his fortune should be made the shining stairway to the high place where he can serve Christ and the world for Christ.

Too often the reverse of this is true, and a man is hindered rather than helped by the things which he possesses. There is a legend in a quaint Spanish book

about a noisy reveller who at night, returning home with others, saw a light shine from a window, and, climbing up to look, saw within his room, hanging to a hook, his own self-strangled self, grim, rigid, white. Struck sober by the terrible sight, he shook with amazement and horror. How many a man there is who, had he the courage to look as through a window in the past, would see his own noble self, self-choked with coils of sin and folly. How many a Christian would find himself strangling within the nooses of selfishness and sloth when he ought to be breathing the free air of friendship with Christ and service for men. Sometimes it is a man's money, sometimes his pleasures, or again his friends, which become the strangling strands that whip fast round his soul, bringing on spiritual asphyxiation. In the dim green depths of the sea, where ships have gone down, vast treasures lie hidden—ingots of gold, gemmed rings, wrought gold cups, and lost pearls. There they lie grown-over by forests of sea-weed or covered with sand. Mute symbols they are of the wasted gifts, the long-lost hopes, the neglected opportunities lying beneath the surface of many an unresponsive personality which refuses to yield to the winsome proffers of him who is the greatest friend our world has ever had.

Responsibilities

Following the relationships and the resources, what are the responsibilities? Does he lay down a code of rules grievous to obey? He does not. He bids us love one another. He comes back, and always back,

to this and declines to utter any other commandment. And he sets the standard for us in his own love, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." The further obligation he sets upon us is to glorify the Father in abundant fruit-bearing. "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you that ye should go and bring forth fruit." "That ye should go"—the meaning of the word is to "bring under," as to bring horses under the yoke. Obligation is implied as when we come under the easy but binding yoke of Christ's friendship. When the verb is used intransitively, as in this instance, the meaning is, "to permit one to depart freely wherever he wishes," but though one is allowed to depart freely, there remains the idea of first having been brought under the yoke. And this seems to bring us to the heart of this teaching. True, we are not servants, and it is equally true that we may go freely; still we go under the bonds of friendship. Hence our subject—"The Fruits of Friendship." "I have called you friends . . . that ye should go and bring forth fruit." Here the allegory of the vine and the symbolic interpretation of it are brought together in the two words—"friendship" and "fruit-bearing." The friendship must result in bringing forth fruit. "What is the secret of your life?" asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley; "Tell me that I may make mine beautiful too." He replied, "I had a friend." The reverence implied in the answer borders closely upon worship and the ennoblement that comes of that. Turn the thought to our relationship with Christ and we witness the motive of fruit-bearing—

"His being working in my own,
The footsteps of his life in mine."

"This is fantastic," I hear someone say; "It is too mystical and too far out of reach. We simply cannot live up to it." You are not required to live up to it, but to let Christ live in you. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." I know there are many who do not realize these lofty ideals in their lives, and for this reason I am urging this wonderful and glorious teaching of our Friend and Lord.

"I call you not servants; but I have called you friends, that ye should go and bring forth fruit." One golden bough of shining fruit is this: "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, fruitfulness, humility, self-control." Others will appear as the branch deepens its growth into the vine and draws from the hidden source its needed nourishment. Friendliness with Jesus becomes fruitfulness to the glory of the Father. This vital flow is itself the sweetest joy that we can know. The branches in their fruit-bearing are an ecstatic parable on the Christian's joy in fruit-bearing; first the quickening buds, the curling tendrils, the silken leaves; soon the tiny sweet blossoms, the translucent grapes, now pinking, then purpling, finally to mellow into luscious ripeness. Is this not a picture of that fruit-bearing triumph which made the Master say "that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full?" And it comes not through compulsion, but by the life currents of love. I have nothing to say against Christmas trees,

nor would I deprive one bright-eyed child of the merry pleasure which they afford. But what is a Christmas tree compared to a grape-vine? The Christmas tree indeed has bright and gaudy decorations. It bears many gifts. It glows with bright lights. But it did not produce them. They have no organic relation to the life of the tree. They are just hung there on the outside. Not so with the vine. It pours the essential currents of its life into the grapes. From the moment the seed sprouts everything has been moving on its way to the grapes. The soil contributes its strength. The gentle rains fall. The dew distills. For this the sunshine is captured. For this the vine has dressed itself in garments of bloom and of green. The grapes, sun-kissed and juicy are the expression of the very nature of the vine.

This allegory is known as the parable of the vine, but it may with equal fitness be called the parable of the fruit. The ruling and recurring word is "fruit." It is found eight times within the parable, and is the burden and refrain of our Lord's utterances. It marks the expression-points of his teaching, and his appeals gather round these points. They disclose Christ's demand from his followers and each mention of "fruit" increases the demand and reveals the secret of fruit-bearing. Let us go back and mark the four chief expression-points of the parable. First, "Fruit." A Christian life should be a winsome, gladsome, love-evoking thing, with the alluring beauty of the form and color of a cluster of ripe grapes, and with a similar power to refresh and strengthen and heal. Second, "More fruit." The fruitless branch is taken away.

The fruit-bearing branch is pruned and purged that it may bring forth more fruit. Third, "Much fruit." Fruit, more fruit, much fruit—not merely a more abundant yield—but a deeper loyalty, a fuller self-sacrifice, a more abounding grace. Fourth, "Fruit that shall remain." No figure of nature can fully express a truth of the spirit. Here Jesus goes beyond the limits of the parable. What is so perishable as fruit? A touch will destroy the bloom on the grape. A hot breath menaces its dew. In a few days it will wither. But the fruit of the vine, Christ, is fruit that remains. Now let us sum up the words of our great Friend: "I have called you"; "I have loved you"; "I have chosen you"; "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples."

THE LORDSHIP OF CHRIST ATTESTED BY THE HOLY SPIRIT

"But this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God; from henceforth expecting till his enemies be made his footstool. For by one offering he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified. Whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us."—*Hebrews* 10:12–13.

In Handel's Messiah is developed the three-fold theme of the advent, the suffering and final triumph of the divine Redeemer, and his influence over the world. In literal scripture texts are voiced the longings of devout men for Christ's coming culminating in his birth. Then are described with thrilling pathos the Saviour's sufferings, followed by his victory over death and his ascension into heaven, expressed in that noblest of all choral numbers, the Hallelujah Chorus. The final part notes the effects upon the world of Christ's sacrifice and enthronement and reveals the highest aspirations of faith, starting with the famous aria, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and closing with the Amen Chorus in which untrammelled by words the composer has given free reign to the intensest religious enthusiasm rising into a glorious and stupendous climax.

The same glowing theme is expanded along identical lines in the Epistle to the Hebrews. As Mozart, the

musical genius, is said to have comprehended a piece of music as a unified whole, carrying it thus in his memory and being able to reproduce it at pleasure because he heard the beginning with the end and the end with the beginning, so does the author grasp the divine redemptive purpose as one vast evolving plan moving out of eternity, through time, into eternity. Thus it is grasped and summarized in our text, which presents Christ as the Suffering Saviour, the Victorious Sovereign and the Expectant Lord. And for the believer's confirmation and upbuilding all this is interpreted and mediated by the Spirit—"whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us"—as of one appearing on the witness stand, on our behalf, or in our favor. Here are three things to which the Holy Spirit bears witness touching the Lordship of Christ: His Act of Sacrifice; His Assumption of Authority; His Attitude of Expectancy.

I. Christ's Act of Sacrifice

"But this man after he had offered one sacrifice for sins forever." His sacrifice for sins is the ground of his lordship. In his sermon at Pentecost Peter declared that God had "made both Lord and Christ, this Jesus whom ye crucified." Observe where the emphasis falls. He does not say this Jesus who became incarnate, or labored as a carpenter, or preached the Sermon on the Mount, or wrought the miracles, though all this is true; but "this Jesus whom ye crucified." The cross stands back of the throne. The enthronement is conditioned on the atonement.

"He shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death."

The death of Christ was a moral transaction grounded in a deep necessity, none other than that holiness of God which is the real foundation of religion and the basis of all morals. Neither love, grace, faith, nor sin has any but a passing meaning except in their relation to the holiness of God. "Love is but its outgoing; sin is but its defiance; grace is but its action on sin; the cross is but its victory; faith is but its worship." Christ is to us just what his cross is. All that he was in heaven or on the earth was put into what he did on the cross. All that man's moral nature needs doing for it eternally was done there. We do not understand Christ until we understand his cross. It is not simply a historic fact by which we set our calendar; it is the sun in our heaven, the dynamic of our world. The question of all questions that concern mankind is the question of a redeeming atonement. On this question rests Christ's claim to the mastership of souls. It is here that the evangelical issue lies. The preacher preaches to the divine purpose only when his lips are touched with a red coal from the altar whereon this man Jesus made his one sacrifice for sins for ever. Only thus have we a message for our age, if we hold that in the atoning death of Christ the world was redeemed by holy God once for all, that at the cross, and only there, sin was adjudged and broken, that there the race was reconciled and has its access to the grace and the face of God. There is no alternative way. To be right here is joy and salvation. To be wrong here is gloom and doom.

The futility of man-made schemes for removing the penalties of sin and bringing peace to the troubled conscience is illustrated by a contemporary master in literature, in a picture of inexorable law so severe and heartrending that it haunts the imagination. The scene is a bleak and almost treeless plain in the Wiltshire country of England, from which the concave cloud of night is just lifting at the horizon "like the lid of a pot." The young victim, attended by her husband, is closely pursued by the officers of the law. In the darkness of the night the fugitives have stumbled upon the stone circles of the Stonehenge, the ruins of an ancient pagan temple. She begs to sleep for a time, and covered by an overcoat, lies down upon an oblong stone, which once formed the altar on which prehistoric sacrifices were offered. But in the reckoning of those relentless messengers of the law, who are closing in like death shadows in the morning dusk, that altar is no sanctuary for her who is guilty of a capital crime. Though comforted by her husband and sleeping on the altar, justice overtakes her. So does the dishonored law of God on every side press on the helpless and hopeless transgressor whether crouching in the scenes of pagan worship and sacrifice, or hiding behind the cloak of a self-righteous morality, or reposing within the finely wrought trellis-work of a worldly philosophy. Such "gifts and sacrifices cannot as touching the conscience make men perfect."

"A more excellent way" is opened for us, "a new and living way dedicated" for us by the blood of Jesus. Savage tribesmen, and even some of the great military

powers, in the past offered up their prisoners of war to their gods. The Jews dragged their unwilling victims from farm and fold to the altar. But Christ voluntarily "offered up himself," and "by his own blood entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us." True vicariousness begins when conscious love chooses and makes the sacrifice, and this Christ did when he "died for our sins." A substitute means one who stands under another to uphold his weakness or to sustain obligations on his behalf for which he is not fitted. Motherhood—and what emotions does the word enkindle and what memories awake!—motherhood in its entirety is but another name for vicarious sacrifice—doing for another who cannot do for himself. Indeed the first promise of redemption linked itself with a birth, for not only did the birth bring the seed of the woman into the scene of conflict and triumph, but itself was emblematic, setting forth the law under which the endowments of one life minister to another life which is yet in the making.

The fanciful poetry of the past traced in the passion-flower the symbols of redemption—the cross, the crown of thorns, the spear, the nails and purple robe; but in our day science declares our planet itself to be a gigantic passion-flower exhibiting the sublime law of self-sacrifice working throughout its entire structure and development, as when one portion of a flower is sacrificed for the welfare of the flower as a whole and when the flower itself gives up its life in the fruit. All this is in keeping with the very nature of God; so that, measured by this test of sacrificial love, Christ,

when he died for us, manifested his divinity in the uttermost degree.

The cross is the center of the divine normalcy, the point of equipoise for the universe. It is the extended visible axis on which the whole moral world turns. It is here that our redemption is wrought out. It is here that our unbalanced powers find poise and our troubled hearts rest. Take the case of poor William Cowper who, confined as a patient in a lunatic asylum, suffered the pangs of remorse and despair. Rising one morning, feeling slightly better, he takes up his Bible which in his fits of madness he always fiercely threw aside, and opening it at random, lights upon a passage that breaks upon him like a burst of glorious sunshine. Let him tell his own story. "The happy period which was to shake off my fetters and afford me a clear opening of the free mercy of God in Christ Jesus was now arrived. I flung myself into a chair near the window, and, seeing a Bible there, ventured once more to apply to it for comfort and instruction. The first verses I saw were in the third of Romans: 'Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to manifest his righteousness.' Immediately I received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement he had made, my pardon in his blood, and the fulness and completeness of his justification. In a moment I believed and received the gospel."

The Atonement Attested by the Spirit

Read these two clauses together, for so they belong: "But this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever"; "Whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness." The witness of the Spirit to the death of Christ is *the effective dynamic in regeneration.* On the day of Pentecost when the disciples testified, as the Spirit gave them utterance, to the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ, the Spirit also bearing witness, the people were pricked in their heart, cried out repenting, believed, were baptized and added unto the Lord. This is still the way of conquering evangelism. Anything else is counterfeit.

And the witness of the Spirit to the sacrifice of Christ is *the winning force in sanctification.* "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

> "When I survey the wondrous cross
> On which the Prince of glory died,
> My richest gain I count but loss,
> And pour contempt on all my pride."

My pride, my pride; contempt, contempt—when I survey the cross, I pour contempt on my pride—on all my pride. This is the true sanctification, grounded in the sacrifice of Christ and witnessed unto by the Spirit. "For by one offering he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified."

And here again as the Holy Spirit brings home to our hearts the witness of the cross are our souls set ablaze with devotion to do his will. This witness

supplies *the abiding motive for service.* We too often dishonor Christ who died for us and grieve his Spirit by our little self-seeking pieties and tepid conventionalities. The atonement is entirely misunderstood if it appear to make its appeal to our own religious self-interest. We cannot consistently accept the forgiveness sealed with the covenant blood and then repudiate that larger ethic of the royal law of liberty by which we are free to lay down our lives for others. In the words of Dr. Reuben Saillens of Paris: "Christ died for us; that is the sum of religion. We must die with him for our brethren; that is the sum of morality."

II. Christ's Assumption of Authority

"He sat down on the right hand of God." From the atonement we go on to the enthronement. "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?" "Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." The cross did more than reveal the beauty of Christ's character, it gave him his supreme place. It gave him the name that is above every name. "He became obedient unto death, yea, the death of the cross. Wherefore God highly exalted him." The humiliation led straight to the exaltation. Death was for him the pathway to glory. For it was by dying and rising again that he was declared to be the Son of God with power. It was a dark and lonesome way to tread, but our Lord knew it would bring him to the right hand of God the Father Almighty; and so he hastened

to the cross, saying, "The hour is come, that the Son of man should be glorified." Artists have given us fair pictures of the "assumption of the virgin," but here we have the Assumption of the Virgin's Son, exalted to the right hand of God to be a Prince and a Saviour. The seeker of redemption, having discovered it, returned to his central home in the eternal light and in triumph sat down.

In Holman Hunt's painting, "The Light of the World," Christ is seen crowned with two crowns and clad in two robes. One crown is gold, the circlet edged with rays and set with jewels. This must be an ancestral eternal crown placed upon his brow by a royal Father in token of his right to rule. The other is a crown of thorns, placed there by enemies as a token of hate and a badge of suffering. And lo, a miracle! The thorns have lost their sharpness now, the dead bramble lives again and has put forth leaves that shall be "for the healing of the nations" and flowers fairer than the lilies of sweet Esdraelon's valley. And there are two robes. He is clad in a seamless robe spotlessly white, such as priests wear when they minister in holy places. And a priest he is. A Great Highpriest. He has offered the sacrifice, and now gathering in himself all that we ought to be and could not, he enters within the veil to make atonement for our sins. But there is another robe—too rich for the priestly office. None but kings should so clothe themselves in glory, the glory of tapestries of the thread of gold, with braid of pearl and pattern of woven jewels. None but kings should wear a brooch like this. One side, like Aaron's breastplate, is studded

with the twelve precious stones of the tribes of Israel: it is the Covenant of the Law. On the other side flashes the circle of eternity with the twelve precious stones of the foundation of the New Jerusalem. Between these, with one of its arms stretched out to each, is a cross, binding the Old Covenant and the New and holding in place, upon the bosom of the wearer, the robe of divine sovereignty.

Christ, our royal Highpriest, has entered into the Holy of Holies by his own blood. Until he comes again at his second advent, how can we be assured that his sacrifice is accepted, that he is faithful in all his promises, and how can we realize his presence and power?

The Spirit's Witness to the Enthronement

"Whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us." Christ promised to send the Spirit. That he was sent, and has been present through the centuries, and is with us still, witnessing to the resurrection and ascension of Jesus, is seen in three persistent facts which confront us day by day. The Lord's Day is a witness. The New Testament literature is a witness. The Church is a witness. If Christ be not risen, these three institutions cannot be accounted for or explained. Had the Spirit not come and borne witness to the ascended Christ, these three would be lacking in the world at this hour. And Christ being seated at God's right hand, "there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." The word describing

Christ sitting down in heaven is identical in form with the word that tells of the tongues of fire sitting on the disciples. As Christ sat down in heaven, the Paraclete, the other Comforter, whom he was to send, "sat upon" each of the believers, indicating that henceforth he was to find within the church his seat or "see," where he should interpret and mediate the lordship of Christ. *Seated* in heaven and *seated* in the heart of the believer, Christ is acclaimed King, for "no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." In the words of the sainted Gordon, "As the sound of the golden bells upon the highpriest's garments within the Holiest gave evidence that he was alive, so the sound of the Holy Ghost, proceeding from heaven and heard in that upper chamber, was an incontestable witness that the great Highpriest whom they had seen passing through the cloud-curtain, entering within the veil, was still living for them in the presence of the Father." Not within the papal "see" or on any official "Cathedra" is the throne of Jesus Christ's Vicegerent on earth, but within the heart of a New Testament church gathered in prayer, with one accord, in one place, seeking to know and follow the divine will.

In the Revelation John describes three great Christophanies which he beheld while "in the Spirit on the Lord's Day." A glimpse at these records will help us understand the Spirit's witness to the lordship of Christ in its various bearings. When told by the elder concerning the Lion who prevailed to open the book, the title deed of man's redemption, John turned to look upon him; but turning, he beheld, and lo, in the midst of the throne, stood a Lamb as it had been slain.

There he is, the slain Lamb on the throne. The Victim has become the Victor; the Sufferer has become the Sovereign; the Priest is Potentate; the Lamb with his purity is also the Lion with his power.

Once more, on the isle of exile, John turned to see the voice that spoke with him, and being turned he saw seven golden candlesticks and one girt about the breasts with a golden girdle, and his countenance was as the sun shining in his strength. "And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold! I am alive for evermore." As the glorified Christ came to John on Patmos, so he promised to be with us through all the days—the strong and shining Christ walking in the midst of his churches. On the morning after his resurrection Jesus said to Mary in the garden, "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended." We may read that text now as well by taking out the two negatives, thus: "Touch me, for I am ascended." The true meaning of the ascension is grasped by Paul when he says, "He hath ascended . . . that he might fill all things." His ascension was the assumption of his omnipotence and his omnipresence. It was the fulfilment of his declaration: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth"; and of his promise: "Lo I am with you all the days, even unto the end of the world." So can we touch the ascended Christ: and so does he touch us as when he laid his right hand upon John, saying, "Fear not." Thus secure in his all-presence and his all-power, we have a safety and a peace that may not be taken away. It is told of Phillips Brooks that one day on the Atlantic,

when he was in his stateroom, alone, with the curtains drawn, some one going down the passage overheard him in prayer, and caught his words and wrote them down. The great good man was saying: "O Lord Jesus, thou hast filled my life with joy and peace, and to look into thy face is earth's most exquisite delight." We should not rest, any of us, until we know Jesus Christ in that way, as the personal friend in intimate communion with whom the sorrows of life pass away and all difficulties are triumphantly faced.

Still another vision of the triumphing Christ did John have: "And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns. And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written: KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS." Let us lift up our eyes to see the conquering Hero as he comes and eagerly "follow in his train." Long ago in the city of Florence, under the preaching of Savonarola, the people were swept by a great religious enthusiasm, so that they made a bonfire of their vanities, and threw upon it the instruments of their pleasure, the gewgaws of their dress. Then they paraded the streets of the city in holy fervor, and thronged the Duomo day after day, with the one chanted cry, *Gesu e Re* ("Jesus is King"). How ardently do we desire that the same Spirit shall sweep over us, and through us, and that every lip shall involuntarily repeat that word, "Jesus is King!" while every heart resolves to do the utmost to make him King!

III. Christ's Attitude of Expectancy

"From henceforth expecting till his enemies be made his footstool." What an open window is this word "expecting" through which streams an illuminating light! It means to look for, as when one is hunting for treasures; to wait for, as sailors wait for the dawn or the sower waits for the harvest; to watch with desire, as a hungry child eagerly gazing at the hand that offers bread; to anticipate, as a bride looking forward to her wedding day. So is Christ expectant, looking forward to the full fruition of his messiahship, "when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power," and "when all things shall be subdued unto him."

In Fra Angelico's painting of the Crucifixion he summarizes the history of Christianity in a group of saints kneeling in front of the cross and representing the grand unbroken pageant of the redeemed, who through the centuries have marched past Mount Calvary onward to heaven's gate—a noble array of saints and martyrs, men of action and men of prayer who found their salvation and their inspiration in this central fact of history and laid at the foot of the cross their wondrous contributions to the Redeemer's Kingdom. It is this perspective of history and the sincerity with which these worshipers adore the object of their faith that makes this one of the world's greatest religious paintings. It is great with the greatness of Christ's expectancy of complete and ultimate victory.

The Spirit's Witness to Christ's Expectancy

Said Jesus, "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: and he will show you things to come." Things to come! He will show you things to come! "He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you." What are these things to come? They are Christ's things—the things of his expectancy. He is our Comforter and he comforts us by showing us things to come. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit."

At the battle of Salamis, the Persian ships, many and strong, in double crescent lines, blockaded Piraeus harbor. The Athenian vessels, few in number, were crowded within it. When the sun had set the night before the battle, the commanders went from ship to ship rousing the courage of the soldiers by brave encouraging words. Æschylus, the great tragic poet who has left us the description of the battle, says that in doing this the commanders "comforted" the soldiers—comforted them by stirring them to loyal and patriotic conflict. The highest comfort which the Spirit brings is not that which some fine souls would feel living in a cloister painting angels with tips of soft flame on their white foreheads, and soothed by elysian dreams. But his surest comfort comes when he imparts to us the expectancy of Christ which, with the force of a demand and with compelling power, drives us on in the conflict that aims to

make Christ King over all areas of life where his rule has not yet been established.

In his essay on Milton, Hazlitt has this glowing and suggestive sentence: "Milton seized the pen with a hand just warm from the touch of the ark." And so was Milton's imagination fired and his genius sanctified until they shone and burned with a mystic flame. He took his pen in hand after he had touched the ark in consecration. Isaiah saw the Lord sitting on the throne, high and lifted up and his train filling the temple. From heaven's altar the glowing coal was brought. Unshrinking he kissed the cleansing fire. Purified thereby he went forth in the name of the Lord of hosts. In the legend of the Round Table the Knights of Arthur rode forth into the wild wastes of the Kingdom of the Beast, intent on righting wrong and giving help to the oppressed. Never a day should pass without its gallant deed. But before they started they held the hand of their King, looked into his face, took his oath and set out in quest of the Holy Grail. We, too, are dedicated to similar enterprise. Let us not hold back lest we fail to catch a glimpse of the holy cup of sacrifice. We possess the Sword of the Spirit and the Keys of the Kingdom. But with all this we shall achieve only as we go with a fresh vision of the enthroned and expectant King, All-Faithful, All-Abiding, and All-Victorious.

"I watch them drift—the youthful aspirations;
Shores, landmarks, beacons drift alike!
Yet overhead the boundless arch of heaven
Still fades to night, still blazes into day;
But Christ! My Christ! Thou wilt not drift away!"

THE FOURFOLD CORD

"Christ . . . is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."—*I Cor.* 1 : 30.

To illustrate the meaning of these four noble words which tell what Christ is for us, let us liken the process by which the virtue of Christ comes down into the human soul and reappears in various life forms and activities, to a stream which, rising in the mountain heights, flows down and generates light for the city's illumination, becomes a health-giving supply to cleanse and refresh the homes and sweeten the plague-stricken slums, furnishes power for manufacturing and transportation, and at last on its full-breasted current connects the community with the great outside world by bearing out to sea the ships of commerce and the cargoes of life to far-off lands. So does Christ bring to us, and in himself becomes for us the light of wisdom, the cleansing and healthfulness of righteousness, the energizing power in sanctification, and finally through redeeming grace equips us for holy service, freedom and immortality. What the river is to the city Christ is to our souls.

The salvation which is brought to us and wrought in us touches all that we are, including the intellect, the conscience, the unfolding of character in service, and the entire upbringing into harmony with God of

all man's complex relationships and associations. See how this great text covers the sum total of those needs. It first contemplates man as a pupil in school to be taught—he needs the word of enlightening wisdom. Then he is regarded as under indictment, haled into the palace of justice and needing the sentence of acquittal which shall establish him as righteous and give him a new standing. Next he is thought of as a worshiper in the temple, needing cleansing and consecration. Finally he is dealt with as an exile under oppression and tyranny, waiting for the ransom which will set him free, restore him to citizenship in the soul's fatherland and to inheritance in his Father's family. Here is the fourfold cord whose strands let us examine separately.

I. The Great Revelation

"Christ is made unto us wisdom." To those seeking spiritual knowledge the gift of saving wisdom must come through Christ. By worldly wisdom men cannot find out God, nor can they find the way to him. "Where is the wise? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of the world?"

> "Oh, long and dark the stairs I trod
> With stumbling feet to find my God;
> Gaining a foothold bit by bit,
> Then slipping back and losing it,
> Down to the lowest step my fall
> As though I had not climbed at all.

And while I lay despairing there,
Listen, a footstep on the stair
In the same place where I, dismayed,
Faltered and fell and lay afraid.
And lo! when hope had ceased to be
My God came down the stairs to me."

He, "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," came down the stairs bringing the light to us lying wounded in the darkness. It is no accident that, in the one scene which remains to tell us of the silent years of Jesus' boyhood, Luke in his gospel narrative presents him "filled with wisdom" sitting in the temple courts, the great school room of the Jewish people, asking and answering questions and arousing astonishment because of his keen understanding. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" It was one of the great hours of his career. It was his business to ask and answer questions; and not only in the awakening hour was his own mighty intellect on fire, kindled to a pitch of high activity and moving in the sweet freedom of delight, but he had awakened those drowsy temple occupants and even their dull minds were beginning to scintillate. It is no accident that Matthew's Gospel begins by telling of the brilliant star in the heavens guiding "wise men" through winding ways past kings, temples, priests, and scholars, till they bow in amazed worship at the feet of him who was Incarnate Wisdom; and this to be followed by the Sermon on the Mount, which for its wisdom shines like a sun obscuring all those stars of intellectuality whose flickering light had shone but feebly through the long night of uncertainty and doubt. And it is

not strange that in the opening verses of his Gospel John first calls Jesus the Light, which is the source and essence of wisdom, and then the Word, which is its form and vehicle, adding that the Word was made flesh and dwelt as in a tent amongst ourselves, and that through his tent folds we saw a strange pleasant light streaming and pouring its radiance through our own poor tents, while those who saw the gleam named it "grace and truth." Truth, that is the right word! The great word of Plato was "idea," which is purely intellectual. One of the leading words of Solomon is "knowledge," and knowledge too is of the mind. But Christ never so much as breathes a whisper of "idea," nor does he linger over the word "knowledge." Truth is his great word; and truth, born in the intellect, catches the whole character in its grip. "Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth"—truth then has sanctifying power. "The truth shall make you free"—truth then wields power over prejudice and passion and tyranny. At last he says, "I am the truth"—truth is then as broad as man, and as deep and high as personality.

Still speaking of him who is Light and Truth, John goes on to say, "The darkness apprehended it not." The Authorized Version says "comprehended;" the Revised Version says "apprehended." Comprehend is a mental word. It means to take hold with the mind, to understand. Apprehend is a physical word. It means to take hold of with the hand. You cannot completely comprehend Jesus. You may have a fine mind, well trained and schooled, but you cannot take Jesus in with your mind, because there is too much of

him to be thus taken in; but you can apprehend him. You can take hold of him—with the hand of your mind, with the hand of your heart, with the hand of your life, with the hand of childlike trust, if you are great enough to be like a little child learning the alphabet in school. You can reach out and take hold of him, and "as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name."

II. The Great Atonement

"Christ is made unto us righteousness." Here man is considered fitted by grace to stand acquitted before the bar of divine judgment. We have need to be put right with God's holy law which has been dishonored and broken. Our moral sense must be satisfied as well as our craving for wisdom. Intellectuality cannot repair that which is disordered or replace that which has been destroyed in character; and, however brilliant our speculations or noble our processes of thought, the mind cannot be satisfied apart from the righting of conscience. We need more than the gift of wisdom in our dealings with the all-encircling God, who is pressing us on every side and seeking to bring us into conformity with the just laws of heaven. Our salvation tarries until Jesus becomes to us inward righteousness.

Just as there is retribution in nature, so God never forgets unatoned-for and unrepented sin, nor will he allow us to forget for long at a time. So deep is the instinctive need of the human heart to be right with law that many a culprit is forced by the inward urge

of his own conscience to confess his guilt. It is said that in one of the lands of the East more than half the crimes committed are confessed to the judges, and that too in a race whose conscience is not thought to be abnormally active. Till put right with God's law we are like escaped convicts hiding in mountain wilds, living a hunted life, always ready to start at the approach of imagined pursuers, even when no trace of their presence can be seen. God's judgment bar is coextensive with our lives, wider than the earth, high as heaven, deep as the sea, immense as the everlasting ages, and always we are confronting the living law as Love defied. The obligation covers all of life and there is no escape from its ever tightening meshes. Of this direful default every man is sensible into whose soul a single gleam of the divine wisdom has penetrated. How can it be met? Can we be put right with this all encompassing law? It can be done only through him "who has been made sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." He speaks for us and in us as we stand at the judgment bar of the Most High pleading his sacrifice as the ground of our complete forgiveness. He makes himself our sponsor, engaging to impart the worth and power of his own righteousness, so that through his inward help we come to love righteousness and hate iniquity after his own divine pattern. So deep and thorough is this change that it is called "a new creation." He is our New Creator who makes us over again by his redeeming hand and joins us to his own sin-destroying life.

And not only does Christ effect a new standing for us in the temple of divine justice, he works a blessed

change within us, setting the conscience free from pain and bringing to it healing and rest. As no sense or organ of the physical life can reach its right development if tortured or distressed, so the diseased, self-tormenting moral sense must be healed before a man can rise to the full measure of his own capacity or perform his proper mission. To sound the note of alarm and compel us to halt when danger threatens is not the only function of the nervous system. It is also the medium through which all of the gladness and sweetness and joy of the outward world conveys itself to us and adds to our delight in living. So conscience is meant, not only to admonish us when we go astray, but to minister the sweet blessedness of God to our spirits. The purest joy a soul can know is that which is distilled through a healed and approving conscience, and it is only when the hurt of the conscience is healed by the cross of Christ that the conscience is perfected and the highest delight of living is felt. No loftier or more discriminating tribute to the worth of Jesus could scarcely be imagined than the reply given by a cultured Chinese who, when asked to state the difference between Jesus and the world's other great teachers of religion, replied, "It seems to me that he has the power to create a more delicate conscience." And this delicate conscience can never rest until the crucified Christ makes complete conquest of the heart and is enthroned in the life. This signifies two crucifixions: Christ crucified for us and we crucified for Christ. "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God,

who loved me, and gave himself for me." So this is what the righteousness of Christ means so far as our side of the question is concerned: Mortification with Christ—I am crucified with him; Motivation by Christ —I live by the faith of him; Manifestation of Christ—he liveth in me.

III. The Great Sanctification

"Christ is made unto us sanctification." Now are we conducted from the court of justice to the temple where as chosen priests we are to be separated unto God. In the consecration of Israel's priests the cleansing blood was first applied, and then the consecrating oil. In the ancient temple the altar of sacrifice stood immediately in front of the most Holy Place. As Phillips Brooks exclaimed: "God's mercy seat is no mere stall set by the vulgar roadside, where every careless passerby may put an easy hand out to snatch any glittering blessing that catches his eye. It stands in the holiest of holies. We can come to it only through veils and by altars of purification. To enter into it, we must enter into God." In the Middle Ages notorious offenders against the law were often "allowed sanctuary" within cathedrals or monasteries where they escaped the vengeance of kings and the justice of courts by taking upon themselves the vows of a monk. But not so here. The sanctified life must be the surrendered life. Before Aaron's rod budded it was laid up, surrendered, in the tabernacle before the Lord. One of the postage stamps of the Czecho-Slovakian Republic shows a sword whose blade is thrust into the ground

while its upstanding hilt has burst into a bouquet of lovely flowers. Cease fighting if you would grow flowers. Ground the sword if you would blossom into spiritual beauty. Sanctification follows surrender.

The beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount are a picture of the Christian as drawn by Jesus. They are the King's description of the citizens of his Kingdom. And when he describes the Christian, he gives a description of his own achievement—his own creation. Some one has pointed out that when Christ used the illustration about the lily of the field, he not only made the illustration but the lily as well. And the man he describes is the man he makes. The Christian is Christ's creation—or, shall we say, his recreation. He finds him lapsed and prodigal among the swine of the world—he reclaims and refashions him into the being the beatitudes describe.

The beatitudes are also a likeness of Christ—a picture of his own face as portrayed by himself. The difference between the beatitudes as a portraiture of Christ and as a portraiture of the Christian is that one is actual and the other ideal. One pictures Christ as he is, the other pictures the Christian as he is going to be. When a man is born into the Kingdom of God, the virtues of the beatitudes are born in him, and if the best thing that can be said is that occasionally his character gives hint of likeness to the great ideal, let it be remembered that he is yet a child—a growing child, who will one day "put away childish things," and reach "unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." In sanctification, we respond to that which is imputed to us, and react

to that which is imparted unto us, and reproduce that which is implanted within us. Appropriated by us Christ's righteousness works in us toward our sanctification, till Christ is formed within us, "the hope of glory."

"There's part o' the sun in an apple;
There's part o' the moon in a rose;
There's part o' the flaming Pleiades
In every leaf that blows."

IV. The Great Redemption

"Christ is made unto us redemption." This last word reminds us that we are to be brought at last through grace, from bondage, into a kingdom where we are to be free forever from the labor and bitterness of the past. The order of thought, in the text, is from the inward to the outward, from the center to a vast circumference of peace and blessedness. The earlier named gifts make us ready for that glorious life of liberty into whose fullness we are one day to come. The word "redemption" is broader than its associated terms; indeed it includes and crowns them all.

How is Christ made redemption to those who receive him? Having shed abroad in their hearts the spirit of his wisdom, righteousness and spotless sanctity, he fills them with that fullness of power which dwells in his resurrection-life, and, by the power of his indwelling presence, they triumph over the trials of the present and will triumph over death even as he did, thenceforth to pass into those unsuffering regions of light over which his sceptre is wielded. As Ezra and Nehemiah

at the Medo-Persian court sponsored the cause of the captive Jews, won their redemption from the land of exile and restored them to the land of their fathers, so through our Divine Kinsman our deliverance is determined and we are brought to the fatherland of our souls. "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion forever and ever." In the words of Dr. Forsythe: "Christ does not simply pluck us out of the hands of Satan, he does so by giving us to God. He does not simply release us from slavery, he commits us in the act to a position of liberty. He does not simply cancel the charge against us in the court and bid us walk out of jail, he meets us at the prison door and puts us in a new way of life. Our evil is overcome by good. We are won from sin by an act which at the same time makes us not simply innocent but holy."

One of the central facts of Christianity is the resurrection of our Lord. He came from the tomb with a body that had passed into a higher type—spiritual, majestic, incorruptible. In our Lord's resurrection we have the promise, the pledge and the pattern of a splendid physical perfection. Our poor bodies! They have been racked and tortured, wronged and punished, deformed and wounded. They bleed and faint until decay's effacing fingers wipe out their last lingering traces of bravery and beauty. But let us have courage and wait with patience. While at present we "groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to-wit, the redemption of our bodies," we do so in common with

the whole creation which groans and travails in pain waiting to "be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." This universal groaning is not unheeded, for the Spirit himself catches up the cry and "makes intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." Contemplating the risen body of our Lord, who "has become the first fruits of them that slept," we are comforted, for these bodies of our humiliation shall "be changed and made like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself." The redemption rises in grandeur. The most wonderful and heartening thing going on in this world today is the evolution of character. In trial, temptation, pressure, and unceasing tribulation, Christ's "new creation" is attaining a moral fiber, a depth of goodness, a power and beauty of holiness that will make it the glory and wonder of heaven. "And one of the angels answered, saying unto me, What are those which are arrayed in white robes? and whence come they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." To what heights of glory, to what exalted reaches of rank and power, are we to be raised! How great is our redemption!

The events of Bethlehem and Calvary declare our essential and unutterable greatness, and open the way for us to attain that greatness. Christ lived; he suffered; he died; he rose again; he reigns forever that he may bring many sons to glory. It is all of Christ

and through him. He is the Link that unites to God, to heaven, to the eternal. Through him we rise, tracing our lineage to the skies and claiming the sonship of the divine. Like the lily deep-imbedded in the mire, we may "grovel here below," but claiming kinship with the upper world we rise to blossom in the eternal light. Now we are as the chrysalis coffined in dust and darkness, but tomorrow we sip the roses of paradise. Today we are but rude fledglings sprawling in our uncomfortable nest on the crag, vexed by storms and troubled by darkness, but even ere this day is done, on swifter wing than the eagle's, we may soar to that Sun that blazes behind the sun. "And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever."

SAVED BY HIS LIFE

"We shall be saved by his life."—*Romans* 5:10.

Sometimes we are told that Christ did not die in our stead; but that he lived and died to give us an example; and, if we will but imitate him, we shall be saved. But deep in our hearts we know that to hold up the example of Jesus, and bid poor sinners imitate the heroism of his life and death, is to overwhelm them in despair rather than inspire them with hope. We had better be true and humble about it, and confess that if we are to be saved, we need have something done for us which we cannot do for ourselves. As the Son of Man Jesus died, and, whatever else that phrase may mean, it bears in it the thought of a representative humanity. He died as the representative of men, and whoever gives hearty consent and assent to what Jesus did, has part in that which Jesus did. "Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." One who reads the New Testament honestly desiring to get at its meaning cannot reasonably arrive at any other conclusion than that announced by Principal Forsythe when he says, in "The Work of Christ": "When Christ did what he did, it was not human nature doing it, it was God doing it. That is the

great, absolutely unique and glorious thing. It is God in Christ reconciling. It was not human nature offering its very best to God. It was God offering his very best to man. . . . The sacrifice of the cross was not man in Christ pleasing God; it was God in Christ reconciling man, and in a certain sense reconciling himself. My point at this moment is that the cross of Christ was Christ reconciling man. It was not heroic man dying for a beloved and honored God; it was God in some form dying for man. God dying for man. I am not afraid of that phrase; I cannot do without it. God dying for men; and such men—hostile, malignantly hostile men."

"God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life." As sinners, we lay under the condemnation of God. This was the situation which had to be faced: Was there love in God equal to it? Yes, when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son. The love of God was exhibited at its height in the cross. When we see it, our opposition melts, our enmity ceases, we can hold out no longer against such love.

"Nay, but I yield, I yield:
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror."

But the experience at the cross is only the initial step in the life of the redeemed. "He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." The living Lord, by whose death we were reconciled, will in virtue of his life save us to the uttermost. Hear his own words: "Because I live, ye shall live also." The business which we had with Christ at the cross must not be allowed to sink to the level of other events in our life. It is not a milestone to be passed, nor even a monument to be read and remembered. It is not an episode. It is fontal, like the rock that was smitten in the wilderness: "for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them; and that Rock was Christ." It is not enough to have in the cross a demonstration of God's love, a forgiveness of the past which leaves us to fend for ourselves in the future. Is my moral energy so great after all, that, supposing I believe past things were settled in Christ's cross, I may now feel I can run in my own strength? Can I be confident about meeting temptation? No, we must depend daily upon the continued energy of the crucified and risen One. We must depend day by day upon the activity of that same Christ whose activity culminated on the cross but did not end there. His death is as organic with his heavenly life as it was with his earthly. He guarantees our perfection as well as our redemption. Let us ask and try to answer the question, How does he save us by his life?

First, We are saved by his indwelling life. Many Christians find consolation in their belief in a guardian angel, and indeed we may be strengthened in the assurance of angelic beings ministering to us; membership

in the church of the living God is a valuable bulwark that may rightly inspire courage and consolation; but, after all, our safety is guaranteed not by these or any similar securities, but by our being strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; "that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." The believing heart is the Christian's citadel—the garrison is there, the supplies are there, above all the Captain is there. Our safety is a question of the genuineness and depth of our life in Christ and Christ's life in us; all is uncertain that does not hang on this.

The radiant center of New Testament Christianity is a person and that person is our Lord and Master Jesus Christ. Not a system, not a plan, but a Man—the Man Jesus. Not an organization, not a program, but One who calls men to believe in himself. He calls men to take his point of view with regard to life, to adopt his attitude toward God and man, to accept his interpretation of life as being controlled by the love of God, to accept his meaning of life as expressed in character and service, and to endorse him as the standard and pattern and type for both character and service. Christianity is not a doctrine of forgiveness, but a person who forgives; not a plan of salvation, but a person who saves; not a doctrine of substitution, but a person "who loved me and gave himself for me"; not an ethical code, but a person whose moral life is flawless and who undertakes to lead us into the same life by himself living within us. It is not even a doctrine of eternal life, but still a person, a living person, one who is alive forevermore, on the throne of the highest heaven and also on the throne of the humblest heart

that will admit him. Many of us have only a stained glass-window picture of Christ. He has never stepped out of the frame. We leave him there, as we do the picture in the church window, to be looked at on Sundays. He has never taken the form of a living person in the life. He pleads to be admitted. Our safety depends on it.

There is nothing to fear even if we go so far as to be able to say: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." The finest thing that is going on in our world is the refining processes which Christ advances in the lives of those in whom he dwells. Someone has said that painters think a child's face, soft, rosy, dimpled, is scarcely worth the skill of the artist's hand; but that it is some old, worn, deeply lined face which has passed through temptation, prayed in hours of strain, shed hot tears in the night of penitence, and sung in the days of victorious faith, scarred and seamed, yet radiant with the beauty of ripening holiness, which the painter loves to portray. It is the believer who has let Christ live within who wears the finest spiritual beauty. Grace for grace, and grace upon grace, and grace in grace have been received out of Christ's fullness until we "are changed into the same image from glory to glory." Christ's compassion, his courage, his meekness, his strength, his lowliness of heart, his zeal, have all been increasing and deepening as Christ has been formed within.

"I thought his love would weaken
As more and more he knew me;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me;
And I ever hear him say,
As he goeth along his way,
Wand'ring souls, O do come near me,
My sheep should never fear me,
I am the Shepherd true."

Second, We are saved by his intercessory life. "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." What is the meaning of this perpetual intercession, if it does not mean the exhaustless energy of what he did for us on the cross, "when he offered up himself?" The prayers of Jesus, verbally reported in the Gospels, are not many in number and are brief as to words; but they indicate the range of his sympathy and give an idea of what he may be interceding for in heaven. He prayed for little children—"Then were brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray." He prayed for the sick—when a blind man is to be healed, we find the Master "looking up to heaven" and sighing. He prayed for his disciples—"Simon . . . I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not"; for his enemies—"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do"; for laborers in the harvest, since he must have done what he asked his disciples to do—"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest"; and for all those who should believe on him to the end of time—

"Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word."

It is in his great prayer in the seventeenth chapter of John that we witness his intercession moving as an irresistible stream of most fervent love. Sentence rushes upon sentence with such wonderful power that we feel that here is One who has taken up our cause and is carrying it forward beyond our ability to go, ascending heights that we cannot reach and penetrating far within the veil to plead on our behalf. It is the greatest of all prayers, as has been said: "There is no voice which has ever been heard, either in heaven or in earth, more exalted, more holy, more fruitful, more sublime, than this prayer offered up by the Son of God himself." Beginning with prayer for himself, our Lord passes into prayer for his disciples, which soon expands into an intercession that embraces the world, and all those who should believe on him. His eye sweeps the horizon of time, and gathers into its field of vision the church of all ages and every clime. The future lies before his gaze. The whole body of believers is present in his thought and shares in the benefit of his supplications. He beholds apostles, martyrs, reformers, pastors, missionaries, congregations, engaged in building his Kingdom; sees nations persuaded by his gospel, the distant islands gathered under his scepter, the whole earth teeming with his followers. All these he takes into his thought, bears them before the Father's throne, and calls down upon them the blessings of God. He asks that they may be sanctified and kept, knowing the struggles with the world in which they will be engaged. He looks down

the widening centuries and sees the trial of their faith, the ordeal of temptation, the test of ridicule, the fight with philosophic paganism, the fires of persecution through which they must pass. He sees them flung to wild beasts, starved in dungeons, nailed to crosses, drowned in the seas, burned at the stake. He watches their long contest with heathenism issuing in victory. He sees the entangling struggle with worldliness, the long-drawn war against customs, tradition, lust, earthliness. And the vast innumerable multitude he enfolds within his prayer. We may truly conceive him praying for each of us. In the most critical hour of temptation when evil becomes so enchanting that it seems good, when Satan appears like an angel of light, and the soul longs for the luscious fruits of sin, then let us remember that his prayer is for us, that it lies across our path and that we cannot yield without brushing it aside. He has prayed that we may be kept.

His intercession did not end there, "seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us," and is entered "into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." "Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

In another sense still, it may be said that we are saved by his life—by his transcendent life, let us say.

To Jesus living on earth death must signify one of two things: the total defeat of his mission, or the means to the full triumph of his kingdom. But his relation to, and trust in, his Father made the first of the alternatives an impossibility. He knew that death could not hold him because he was on his Father's business. What then? Not merely that death could not vanquish him, but he laid hold on death, bent it into the service of his mission, and even before Calvary he beheld the Cross changing into a Throne. He laid his hand on all that should come after, saying, "It is mine!" Even there, in the final order, he would be the mediator of the Divine life, and as Professor Macintosh grandly says in "Immortality and the Future," "All that can be called salvation, here or hereafter, is the effect and outflow of his person, and bonds of an indisseverable strength will unite him in the unseen to his obedient people." Religion is religion only as it rises into the sphere of finalities, to unite us with the Eternal in modes over which change has no power. "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." Death is not merely to be destroyed, its destruction has taken place; life is not merely to emerge one day, it is our portion now; it will reach its consummation in the consummated Kingdom, when our human nature will share in the general transfiguration and Christ "shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation that it may resemble the body of his glory."

This new humanity, ours even now potentially, will be completely assimilated to Christ the Head, and the

whole "groaning" universe reconstituted in him who was from its "foundation" the vital principle of creation. To declare that it is the divine purpose thus "to gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth; even in him," is to plant faith on an unsurpassable height, from which all discord and frustration are beheld as done away forever, because God is all in all. From this elevation the divine music of the eighth chapter of Romans rolls itself out in these challenging cadences: "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Confident that at the universal center Jesus the top and crown of things is enthroned, a man feels himself constrained, pulled, held, lifted, saved, satisfied. If Religion is what men live by, then here are the religious depths wherein the roots of hope may hide, the foundations on which redeeming faith may repose from feverish unrest. Christ becomes the key of human history and gives its last meaning to the universe.

Jesus who knew God best, and most loved him, was sure of everlasting life. He never argued for immortality, but declared the fact of life eternal. He talked of God as Father, and proceeded on the theory that the roots of Christian hope lie in the experience of sonship. In the light of Jesus' teaching and life, we are forced to the conclusion that a God who would leave in the dust those who trust him is not the God whom Jesus knew and called Father. Because God is

what he is and Jesus is his beloved Son we may view death, not as our final undoing, but as the gate to fuller life. Faith then becomes an inspiring motive which gives us a new world, elevating all of life to a higher level and endowing us with a repose of heart which cannot be taken away. As we go on living out this faith we discover that we have not been building on sand, and when the storms come the foundation stands unshaken.

> "Canst thou love Me when creeds are breaking,
> Old landmarks shaking
> With wind and sea;
> Canst thou restrain the earth from quaking,
> And rest thy heart in Me?"

In experience we find that we can. Jesus, the Master of the spiritual world, enthroned in the central home of light, is the assurance of eternal things, the assurance of God. He is the way, the truth, the life, the medium of access to the Father. In this faith we go to make real the fairest visions that have visited the high soul of man; in this faith we take possession of the new world, having within us its own witness that here and now we are living the eternal life.

THE SACRAMENTAL NOTE

"And he took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me. And the cup in like manner after supper, saying, This cup is the new covenant in my blood, even that which is poured out for you." —*Luke* 22: 19-20.

The Lord's Supper is the crowning act of all Christian worship. It focuses the whole light of Christian revelation into one burning point which reveals the atonement as the cardinal fact in our religion, placing it with forceful simplicity in the forefront of the redemption scheme.

Commemoration

The Lord's Supper is a commemorative rite. At the very beginning, when Christian people gathered for its observance, they had chiefly in their minds the words with which the Lord instituted the Supper as an ordinance, "This do in remembrance of me." The form of this memorial recalls his death. "As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death"—that is, "re-enact the scene" of his death. A memorial generally emphasizes the outstanding deed or event in the life of the hero whom it celebrates. Thus, the Lord designed that, in this memorial,

his death should be made conspicuous through all time—not his teachings, not his wonderful works of healing, but his death. He would be remembered, but he wished to be remembered as dying. In the ordinance there is no hint even of his resurrection. It is his body broken and blood poured out we are invited to remember. By them we are brought into the presence of an actual Person. The Supper helps us to recognize Christ as a Person, who by body and blood, by his actual humanity, saved us. He redeemed us by giving himself. He redeemed us by the human life he led and the death he died, by the use of the humanity which we so often falsely put to other uses. When he said, "Do this in remembrance of me," he meant that all his people, to all time, should remember that he had given himself wholly to them and for them. We are apt to forget this. Some prefer to magnify his life while minimizing his death; but it was his request to be remembered in the act and article of death. "For this cause came I unto this hour." He was born to bleed.

> "Then the Spirit of the Highest
> On a virgin meek came down,
> And he burdened her with blessing
> And he pained her with renown,
> For she bare the Lord's anointed
> For his cross and for his crown."

The elements of the Supper cry out to us of Calvary; they remind us of the cross, lest we forget its meanings, "not discerning the Lord's body." There is a legend that a lover, slipping over a precipice to his

death, caught a flower and tossed it back to his beloved, saying, "Forget me not," and these words became the name of the sweet little flower. Thus the Holy Supper is our Lord's bequeathment in death, his summons to us to remember him. It is his Forget-Me-Not. It is to our own hurt if we neglect this solemn request. "For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep." The observance of this ordinance should be a stimulus to spiritual wakefulness as well as healing medicine to the soul. Coming to the table we remember him, recalling the fact that "he bare our sins in his own body on the tree."

"Bearing shame and suffering rude,
In my place condemned he stood,
Sealed my pardon with his blood."

Communion

The Lord's Supper is far more than a commemorative rite; it is never truly celebrated without an individual fellowship with the living Lord. Whenever we come under the power of any fine memory, more happens to us at the moment than the bare recollection. One great emotion leads on to other emotions, and if we deal honorably with any noble mood it will lead us to the face of God. A fine memory often becomes the occasion and opportunity for deeper secrets of the spirit. It is the greatness and mystery of our souls that the days to which we are faithful do not die. How often do we live through them again! Through memory, as through a gate, we have entered into the garden of the past which is always there, though we, in our

absorption in things present, often forget and neglect it. And through this gate we may enter into the garden of the Lord and meet him amidst the fragrances of the spirit. In the ancient tabernacle, within the holy place, upon "a fine table of gold," was placed "the bread of the Presence," that is, of the presence of God. Likewise, within the Christian sanctuary the Lord's Supper reminds us of the Presence of him who promised to be with his people—not present in the bread, but in the hearts of those who remember and worship him.

"Amidst us our Beloved stands,
And bids us view his pierced hands;
Points to the wounded feet and side,
Blest emblems of the Crucified.
If now, with eyes defiled and dim,
We see the signs, but see not him,
O may his love the scales displace,
And bid us see him face to face!"

It is also a communion with one another as well as with Christ. It is an act of social as well as individual worship. "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?" Among the holiest pleasures of life are the joys of Christian fellowship as it reaches its climax at the Lord's Table. Among the most sacred memories which I cherish are those Communion days in the church of my childhood. It was all so wonderful to me then and so real! The words and prayers of the pastor, the reverence of the rugged, honest deacons who distributed the elements to the devout worshipers.

Many of them have long since joined the church triumphant. Sometimes I feel that some of them are very near, particularly on communion Sundays.

I wonder when, if not in observing the Lord's Supper, we may hope to realize the full significance of this great passage of Scripture? "But ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling." Sometimes I have felt with a thrill of delight that this radiant summary of grace approached its fulfilment while I lived in the sweet fellowship of those participating in the service of the Lord's Supper. "The spirits of just men made perfect!" The Christian believes that "the holy dead" are brought off more than conquerors through Christ and therefore are they before his throne, worshiping in the beauty of holiness. How near we must be to them sometimes when we draw near to Christ. The thought of our uniting with them in worship is thrilling and awesome. I am sure that we may, while in the flesh, relate ourselves to the experience of the "spirits of just men made perfect." Certainly the church in glory celebrates the love of God revealed in the sacrifice of Jesus on the cross. They gather up the memories of time and worship God for his peace and redemption in Christ Jesus. They carry their ascriptions into heights of imagination and emotion which are beyond us. But we may join the Hallelujah Chorus and be

lifted above all the trammels which hold us down with the clanking chains of mortality. All this have I felt, and more, on occasions of communion at the Memorial Supper.

Communication

The Lord's Supper should be regarded as a unique way of appropriating and assimilating Christ himself. Because in its proper celebration we believe the very Communication of God is made to the believer, we give it the highest place as an act of worship. This is accomplished, not in the literal reception of the elements, but in those experiences of faith which are visualized as we partake of the bread and the cup. Even in the true Christian the wearing down of soul capacity is continually going on. A saintly soul cannot live on its own saintliness. Like the camel in the desert, you can live for a time on the lumps of your own fat, but it is only desert food, and will soon become disease. The believer must go out of himself for life and for its sustenance. Nourished by Christ we are like the peach which absorbs the heat of the sun, and becomes luscious within and pink outside; like the lark which takes in the warmth and vigor of spring and sings while it builds. The Lord's Supper is designed to stir us up to receive and feed upon Christ. Let me enforce this with the teachings from the Gospel of John, which was probably made up from sermons preached by its author. It contains no direct reference to the Lord's Supper or its beginning, but its sixth chapter is on the "Bread of Life," which seems to consist of an address that

John gave on communion day. Other early Christian teachers, like Paul, told on communion day, as appears in the eleventh chapter of First Corinthians, the story of Jesus' last night upon earth and the details of his last meal with his disciples, when the Holy Supper was instituted; but John takes for his communion theme the familiar story of the feeding of the multitude in which he finds and elaborates the symbol of a corresponding spiritual miracle. More than in any other chapter John is zealously solicitous that the incident shall be understood as a sign or miracle, and uses the word four times. Having told the story and insisted that it was a sign, he proceeds with the unfolding of its internal significance and rises steadily from his base line statement of the communion service, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood ye have no life in you," to his spiritual climax in the statement, "The flesh profits nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

Let me call your attention to six statements which occur in this communion address. They are found in verses 53 to 58: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me. This is that bread which came down from heaven: not as your fathers did eat manna,

and are dead: he that eateth of this bread shall live forever." These six sentences are slightly varied statements of one affirmation. The repetition appears to mark them as belonging to a communion service in which they agreed with the symbolism of some act repeated over and over. Possibly they were used by the author in administering the Supper. Perhaps there were twelve deacons to whom he handed the elements by twos, repeating a verse with each act. Their very striking characteristic is the extreme to which the physical symbolism is carried. John must have felt that such an effort should be made to show the communicants how thorough and complete must be their own assimilation of the eternal life embodied in Jesus Christ. Because of its eternal importance too great stress cannot be placed on this vital truth.

Thus the Lord's Supper was made the occasion for impressing this teaching and urging the participants to enter heartily into the privilege afforded. The hour of the communion service ought to be high noon for the Christian. It is natural and right for him to dream dreams and see visions of what the life within shall at last become when the work of the Spirit in him has reached the zenith of consummation. What higher flight can one's soul take than to dream the dream that in the end he shall have a constitution in all points like that of Jesus? The Lord himself, in instituting the Supper, for a moment indulged in a similar prophetic forecast, wherein his horizon widens beyond the cross until he sees the glory that shall follow, sees men of all nations and climes coming to the feast he is preparing for them in the heavenly Kingdom. Seeing

this glorious consummation, he said: "I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's Kingdom."

Consecration

Still another stage of experience is inevitable as often as we devoutly yield to the holy impulse kindled at this high altar. It is this: we feel ourselves summoned to take a new hold of ourselves, to readjust ourselves, to separate ourselves from all unworthy things. And so, by a beautiful necessity, which every fine soul cannot fail to understand, this sacred Feast passes on into an act of consecration, in which we feel instinctively that it becomes us to live not unworthily of him whose blessed intercourse with us has given our life its truest value. Hence we may speak of the Lord's Supper as a Sacrament. We take that old Latin word, *sacramentum,* which meant the vow of allegiance of a Roman soldier, his vow of fidelity and honor—we take that word and we use it to describe our own high intention. We dedicate ourselves to him who gave himself to us.

Consider then this inner meaning of the Holy Supper, for in its observance may be heard the sacramental note which ought to echo through the whole life of the Christian. Read again the Master's words, "This cup is the new covenant in my blood." Could words be more solemn? The old covenant consisted essentially in the ten commandments given on tables of stone. These were inclosed in the ark of gold and kept secluded within the Holy of Holies, which was

approached by the high priest once a year. The symbols of the new covenant were not so exclusive. Our Lord clothes the simple act of eating and drinking with the imagery of worship. There is a deep human instinct that, having given or received hospitality, you must not injure or betray. It is a pledge of loyalty. Whenever you have eaten with another, something sacramental has happened. Every meal therefore is in a sense a sacrament. Our Lord takes this common, everyday act, and makes it an act of fellowship and worship—more, he lifts it into the symbolism of his covenanted love to his own and their avowal of unfaltering loyalty to him. He takes bread and wine —the two commonest forms of nourishment, the food which all had, whether rich or poor. He takes them because they are common. He takes them and makes them sacramental symbols. They are common, but not simple. Think of what they represent. This bread, he says, is my body, which is broken for you. This cup is the new covenant in my blood. Bread and wine both owe something to men as well as to God. Back of the bread is the soil, the rain, the sunshine and the Father's will; yet men must plant and cultivate and reap. And the bread itself has a story to tell—a story of having been reaped and threshed and ground and sifted and baked—a story of life yielded up in sacrifice. The wine has a like history —the grapes are picked and crushed and pressed before the crimson flow fills the cup. God and men have collaborated. God gives the elements, but man must make them into food. Divine love and human love have wrought together through a process of self-sur-

render and sacrifice. If there were no deep undertone of suffering—a suffering even unto death, symbolized in the grinding of the wheat and the crushing of the grapes, some simpler symbolism might have sufficed. A less profound poetry might perhaps have chosen fruit and water, those two things that come directly from God. They might have visualized a bloodless Gospel, a natural religion. Someone has said with great beauty:

> "Life is full of sacraments, great and small. Personally, I feel God near when the sunshine ripples over a cornfield or when the wind blows over a grass-green upland. Music brings him to others; it stirs them so that they know the world to have unseen rhythms of beauty which are the expression of God's perfection. Others find in poetry the thrill that makes the world expand till it embraces God and causes him to show himself in common things. To a mother her children are true sacraments, signs of God's creative power; and love has always been a sacrament, a symbol of that which is supreme in the eternal realm of spirit."

But these do not talk of a deep covenant pledged mutually with life and death—a serious pact entered into irrevocably. We must remember that it was "the same night in which he was betrayed" that Jesus took the bread and, after the same manner, the cup, and gave them this new sacramental meaning. The next day he went to the cross and fulfilled the symbolism which he had now so solemnly instigated. It remains for us to carry out with a like fidelity our part of the Covenanted Contract. Of a certain woman I heard it

said recently that everything she does is done as a sacrament. It set me to thinking that such should be the normal Christian life, finding of course its key-note in the meaning of the Lord's Supper.

How this sacramental note may run through the entire life is well illustrated in the story of the poet-painter, William Blake. A hundred years ago he died and was buried in poverty in an unmarked grave. While he lived he was called absurd and crazy. It is true he was not like the common run of men. The sole complaint which his wife made against him was that "he lived in Paradise." He was a visionary. Once as a child, coming home late one evening, he explained to his father that he had been kept for a bit through having come up on the prophet Ezekiel sitting under a tree. He painted in water colors marvelous, strange pictures, glorious sunset scenes. Not only did he see and paint the beauties of nature, but he had wonderful visions of God and of the things of the spirit. He had, too, a magnificent message for mankind—something very definite to say about forgiveness, mercy, pity, peace, and love. Only a man who had had a vision of God could write such thoughts as these:

> "To see the world in a grain of sand,
> And a Heaven in a wild flower,
> Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
> And Eternity in an hour.
> A robin redbreast in a cage
> Puts all heaven in a rage.
> A skylark wounded in the wing,
> A cherubim does cease to sing."

After a hundred years of neglect it is wonderful how

this man has come into his own—a tardy proof of the British people's power to appreciate. Now they are stirred by his paintings and poems, and a memorial stone has been unveiled for him in St. Paul's Cathedral. His poems have become a voice of conscience to his people who forgot him so long, and everywhere men and women are singing his "Jerusalem." He died singing, saying he was going to the country to which he long wished to go. But he was no idle visionary, for he sought to make his dreams come true. These lines from his poem reveal his spirit and are illustrative of the sacramental note that should tremble through every soul that has felt the tremendous import of being under covenant to live out the implications of the Lord's Supper, in whatever spot his lot may be cast—

"And did those feet in ancient time
Walk on England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

"And did that countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem built here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

"Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

"I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land."

FULL-TONED LOYALTY

"Then said he unto them, But now, he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip: and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one."—*Luke* 22:36.

In front of the Boston Art Museum is the statue of a nude Indian astride his pony—head thrown back, eyes uplifted, hands raised as in prayer to the Great Spirit. The attitude suggests a poise, a fitness, a finality which we recognize as universal and true. Here is a man for a moment at rest in that peace which subsists at the heart of endless agitation. He is unperturbed by the turmoil around him. While the statue is simply a monument to a receding race, it is, in addition, the artist's recovery of one of the major postures of mankind. Strip away the gewgaws of custom, the fetters of ritual, and other cluttering unnecessary annoyances—you should find precisely this restful human attitude. For the spirit, this is religion in its primal simplicity. To recover the peaceful poise of that figure is the concern of religion.

"For men are homesick in their homes,
And strangers under the sun,
And they lay their heads in a foreign land,
Whenever the day is done."

On their first preaching tour the twelve disciples were instructed to take nothing for their journey, neither staff, nor bread, nor money; similar restrictions were laid on the "seventy" as they were sent forth. But in the final charge Jesus said: "Now he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip: and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one." This discrepancy vanishes when one understands the dual nature of one's own advance into life. First, a child must meet and master the actualities of life, with only his primal instincts to guide him. Not only must he learn to walk, to feed himself and to dress, but learn what food, shelter and clothing cost, and how to procure them. Having by many "hard knocks" acquired a set of habits which cling closer than his clothing, he turns to consider the unsolved riddles of the universe, its achieved and unconquered fields of happiness. First he goes to prove himself, to try his legs in standing, his feet in walking, to test all his powers and make place in the world for himself; then he seeks equipment and goes out to achieve and to acquire.

In the closing discourse of the Fourth Gospel Jesus uses two meaningful words: "Father" and "friend." Fifty-one times he repeats the name "Father," as though by reiteration he would fix forever the holy word within the hearts of his disciples, thus teaching them the source of love and rest. The other word is "friend." "I call you not servants, but I have called you friends." Observe the distinction. A servant is a person to be used for our purpose and profit. The friend stands on another level. He is an end in

himself, not a means to an end. He is one whom we enjoy but do not use. Friendship is strained, if not broken, as soon as it is ordered around. Jesus insists that the relation binding us to him is that of friendship. Jesus is our friend; we are his friends, and he so classes us. God is our Father. Here is religion's warm heart, and here spring all its obligations. If God is our Father, we are his children, "and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." Said Mark Antony to the citizens of Rome in the presence of Caesar dead:

> " 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs,
> For if you should, oh, what would come of it!"

Then Antony, when they insist on hearing the will, says, "Let me show you him that made the will." What ought to come out of the intimate relationship in which we stand to Christ?

Having admitted them into the inner intimacy of such a fellowship, on the point of leaving the room where they had observed the passover, for the garden of Gethsemane, he said to them, "When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye anything?" And they said, "Nothing." In their initial venture of faith they lacked nothing. They had stood complete in the repose of God. One thinks of the Venus de Milo in the severity of her bare room in the Louvre, drawing her worshipers from the four corners of the world to marvel at the majestic lines of her white marble form. Helpless, as she is, and bereft of arms, she lacks nothing in beauty. A similar

clear-cut purity of devotion Christ called for—to be expressed, not in marble, but in the stuff of which their souls were made. Let us see if we can trace some of the steps which led up to this challenge of loyalty. Starting on his last journey out of Galilee, Jesus "steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem." Somewhere in the course of the journey, with his eye on the end, he exclaimed, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished." Again he took the twelve apart in the way and said, "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem; and the Son of Man shall be betrayed . . . and they shall condemn him to death, and they shall deliver him to the Gentiles to mock, and to scourge, and to crucify him." And read another sentence. It runs something like this: "And they were in the way, going up to Jerusalem, and Jesus was moving on before them; and they began to wonder; and as they followed they began to be afraid." He was moving toward Jerusalem with a purpose. They do not understand. The kind of lead he took was apparently what amazed them; he had never before stepped out in front of them in this fashion, as though he were impatient to reach his journey's end. He seems wrapped in thought, and they find themselves at a distance behind him. Then something comes over them—there is something in the situation which they do not understand, a strangeness in the mind. They are not so near him as they had supposed. He is going on before them—about to leave them. As they follow, the amazement deepens into fear. So is it with ourselves when we really try to grapple with the problem of the cross, we

find that he eludes, he goes far out beyond what we are able to grasp or conceive; and when we follow, it must be with amazement, and sometimes with fear.

The journey has been ended. In the calm of the passover room he had sought to confirm them in their early confidence and restfulness. Hear his gracious words: "Let not your hearts be troubled;" "I will not leave you comfortless;" "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you;" "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Then suddenly he exclaims, "Arise, let us go hence." The time had come to take action. They arose, and went out to Gethsemane and to all that came afterward. There is more than repose in Christianity; there must be resistance. The serenity of the placid bronze Indian tells only half the story. Life in this world is not so simple. The times have thrown us into a strain. The statue of the Laocoon, a splendid replica of which may be seen in the Corcoran Gallery, which shows a father and his two sons struggling within the deadly coils of two huge serpents, is a more apt symbol of many of our present postures than is this calm red man of the prairies. The fact is that the two attitudes are necessary if we would be truly Christian. Jesus gives peace and then immediately calls to action. He means that we shall carry into the conflict the untroubled heart filled with his peace.

These two phases of religion are represented in the sisters in the Bethany home: Mary sits in restful contemplation at Jesus' feet while Martha prepares dinner in the kitchen. We catch their double refrain in such hymns as "Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned" and

"The Son of God Goes Forth to War." In "The Marshes of Glynn" Sidney Lanier says: "I will build me a nest on the greatness of God;" and then adds, "I will fly in the greatness of God." To build on, or to fly in—the greatness of God is sufficient for either. The spirit of contemplation needs supplementing by the spirit of conquest; adoration must be followed by advancement; by settling we gather strength for soaring. Fra Angelico, pure in spirit and sheltered within the walls of his monastery, was noted for the beautiful angels which he painted and as equally famous that he could not paint a devil. Yet if devils are there, such a view of life as his can never be a true picture of the world. The life of devotion ought not to become a refined form of self-indulgence. If too placid, religion becomes flaccid. The inner defenses of the soul should be kept up, to the end that we may fight evils of long-standing and defend causes that are weak but worthy. Sometimes Jesus leads out so far ahead of us that we are filled with amazement; but then is the time to follow, even if we follow fearing.

Either just before he left the upper room, or as he was on the way to Gethsemane, Jesus urged upon his disciples the conditions of loyalty given in our text. See what he talked about—mark the concreteness of what he said. He talked about purses. Strange, was it not, that he should be talking about purses and money on the way to crucifixion, just a few hours before he died? But such is the close connection between the purse and one's personal loyalty to Christ and his Kingdom. "He that hath a purse, let him take it." He calls for what we are and for what we have.

No divided loyalty will satisfy him. When Moses contended with Pharaoh for the release of Israel from Egypt, he said, "We will go with our young and with our old, with our sons and with our daughters, with our flocks and with our herds will we go..... there shall not an hoof be left behind; for thereof must we take to serve the Lord our God." Nothing should be left behind. Christ asks for a like consecration. In the language of M. E. Melvin in his fine little book on partnership with Christ: "Men follow Christ to the cross for personal salvation, and ignore his teaching on money. Men worship him as God, and decline to share with him his world task. Men declare their faith in him and whine that his teaching on property is impractical in a business world.... Men do not need especially an emphasis on this partnership in the upper strata of life, of which the communion table is an example. But because they have not carried down their thought of partnership to the lower levels of life careful thinking and plain speaking becomes a necessity, if the church is to meet the issues of the day.... Our business men hold the key to the solution of the problems confronting the church today. They are in position to wrest from the control of Christ all the lower areas of life, or they may by proper leadership and training admit him there to complete control. When he is thus admitted fully then may the church look for events undreamed of. This is his world; he has a program; he has invited men into fellowship and partnership with him to carry that program through." [1]

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[1] From "Royal Partnership," by M. E. Melvin. Used by permission. Fleming H. Revell Company, publishers.

This calls for a new consecration first of all in the churches, a fresh dedication of personality in keeping up the devotional life and in discharging external Christian obligations; it demands an elevation of thought in all our social relationships, and finally a new standard of responsibility to God in all business transactions and enterprises, together with a revised standard of square dealing in all matters of money in relation to our partnership with Christ and his Kingdom.

On the Castle Rock in Edinburgh four bugles blow the last call over the darkening city every night. Long ago, one thirty-first of March, it is said that a bugler was murdered on the heights. Legend relates that on every thirty-first of March since that tragic event listeners in the streets and homes below can hear the ghostly sound of a fifth bugler calling as of old. So comes over our lives the call of Christ. It comes from the lofty ramparts where he died.

And what shall we understand regarding the sword —because in its mention a second contrast is thrust upon us? Did the Master mean that his disciples should carry and use swords or other material weapons? That he did not is clearly inferred when, in reply to their answer that they had two swords, he said, with a touch of gentle irony, "It is enough." On the same night also he rebuked Peter for using the sword, and later, in reply to Pilate's question concerning his kingdom, he said, "My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight." On the first sending out of his disciples he commanded them to go, harmless as doves,

and as lambs among wolves. Surely he cannot now mean that the doves are to become vultures and the lambs turn to wolves! As the Holy Spirit had come in bodily form like a dove, and since he himself is frequently called a lamb, so his disciples are to go dovelike and lamblike. These are the qualities invincible. At no time in all its history has the Christianity of Christ been advanced by the opposite qualities. Malice, hatred, revenge, intrigue have never, in any instance, set forward the cause of Jesus our Lord. These and their kindred vices do only harm. The sword to be used is the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Truth. And this should never be wielded in bitterness. "Speaking the truth in love" is the slogan that will finally lead on to victory. What an entrancing story is that of Excalibur, the sword rich with jewelled hilt and so bright that men were blinded by it. Graven on the blade of it "in the oldest tongue of the world" were the words "Take Me." This oldest tongue of all was interpreted as "the language of innocence and purity." When Jesus urged upon his disciples the procurement of a sword at all cost it was his way of challenging them to the highest known degree of loyalty, that of the patriotic soldier dedicated to the defense of those principles and persons dearer than life itself—a loyalty that would dare all, give all, risk all. How much has been lost when those who have claimed to go in his name have gone with but a lukewarm loyalty, or with words and weapons that are carnal. The recovery of Christianity in its pristine conquering power will be achieved when the dove's harmlessness and the lamb's innocence, vitalized

by such a loyalty, are made dominant in the fight against sin.

An ancient family of Scotland has a strange device on the crest of their clan. In the center of it is a blood-red heart, above which is a glittering crown, while below is a scroll and on the scroll is the word, "Forward." On each end of the scroll is a wing, and the two wings seem to be bearing onward the word "Forward," with the red heart and the shining crown between them. To me that crest has a message. The red heart stands for the sorrow and love of God in Christ. The crown proclaims his right to rule over all of human life. His right is grounded in his love. The crown rests on the heart! And the wings of the Holy Spirit are bearing the message of the heart and the crown around the world. Christ is the Christ of the blood-red heart and the conquering crown. It is he who invites us to a full-toned loyalty.

SPIRITUAL FINENESS THE BASIS OF SOCIAL FITNESS

"Putting away therefore all wickedness, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings, as newborn babes, long for the spiritual milk which is without guile, that ye may grow thereby unto salvation; if ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious: unto whom coming, a living stone, rejected indeed of men, but with God elect, precious, ye also, as living stones, are built up a spiritual house, to be a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God through Jesus Christ. . . . But ye are an elect race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a people for God's own possession, that ye may show forth the excellencies of him who called you out of darkness into his marvellous light."—*I Peter* 2:1-5, 9.

Observe the rising scale of values in this noble passage: Commencing in darkness, it wends its way through the refining processes of grace to issue in the light of complete redemption. It begins with individuals estranged from one another through "envies" and "evil speakings;" it ends in a sanctified community "showing forth the excellencies of the redeeming Lord." It starts with unpolished stones and reaches its consummation in a "spiritual house" bright with the glory of God. It begins with scattered units. It ends with a perfect union. It describes the building

of a perfect brotherhood—the blending of hostile units into a pure and lovely communion.

Preparing the Units

In building a house the material must first be made ready. To enrich the harmony of a choir its constituent voices must first be refined. The foundation of social reformation is individual redemption. By what processes is the individual fitted for the spiritual fellowship whose picture is so charmingly drawn in these verses? The answer is threefold: an experience of grace; the expulsion of uncleanness from the life; the expression of purified desires.

1. *An Experience of Grace.* "If ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious." No experience can be more personal than that of tasting. By it we discern the qualities of the substance tasted, whether sweet, salty, or bitter. In tasting we bring alertness of palate and alertness of judgment. To taste is to test. To taste the graciousness of the Lord is a real experience requiring a sensitive heart and a vigilant soul. To discover and enjoy the sacred flavors of the Gospel we must approach it with a keen spiritual sensitivity. "Son of man, eat that thou findest."—"Then did I eat it and it was in my mouth as honey for sweetness." He had tasted and seen. The only way to taste grace is to try it. The only way to eat a Gospel message is to obey it. "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me." Only in the act of obedience do we discern the delicious flavor of grace. By putting ourselves in an attitude of strict obedience we shall begin to taste

the fine flavor of salvation, and the exquisite quality of peace. This is the first step in the creation of a real spiritual community. The individual must taste and appreciate the things of God. The spirit of obedience is the strongest bond of union.

2. *The Expulsion of Uncleanness from the Life.* Refinement of taste calls for elevation of standards. When the ancient Greeks learned to eat wheat they lost their taste for acorns. A taste for God implies distaste for ungodliness. Having "tasted that the Lord is gracious," we must "therefore" put away sin. The one repels the other. In South Africa snakes are driven from the gardens by planting geraniums. Culturing the rare ideals of grace makes it difficult for evil to thrive. The faults to be put away are wickedness, guile, hypocrisies, envies, evil speakings. All these are to be excluded, and this is the second step in the creation of the beautiful brotherhood. This cleansing is essential because there can be no vital communion between the unclean. Even two pieces of metal cannot be soldered until the surfaces to be united are cleaned of all filth. One of the greatest discoveries in surgery was the discovery of dirt, and the influence which it exercises in retarding healing; hence the insistence that all operations be performed in scrupulous cleanliness, because only by such care and purity are speedy healings assured. It is not otherwise in the higher realm of life. Uncleanness is a barrier to a pure knitting together of spirits. Pride is the servant of severance and alienation. No true comradeship can be grounded in wickedness. Hypocrisy, envy, and

evil talk are always divisive. Moral cleanliness is essential to strong spiritual fellowship.

3. *The Expression of Purified Desires.* "As new born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word." Having tasted of the grace of the Lord and going on with the expulsion of the embittering presence of sin, we are urged to adopt a pure diet—"longing for the spiritual milk which is without guile." It is the unadulterated food that ministers to growth; the high ideals that lift to the heights. The spirit always pursues the path of the desires. What a man prefers is what makes him. Choices crystallize into character. It is reported that when Alma-Tadema was painting a picture in which roses were a prominent feature, he received from friends fresh boxes of roses twice a week, so that he might have a new model for each flower he painted. If the painter must dip his brush anew in nature's colors to represent her with truth and distinction, how much more necessary that we continue to go back to the original sources for the color, aroma, and virtue of heaven in order to maintain the loftiness of our ideals and be able to give them proper expression.

Perfecting the Union

The preparatory process having been begun, continued, and completed in Christ, the individual is fitted for his place in that high fellowship which is to show forth the excellencies of the wise Master-builder. This glorious fellowship is doubly described—first under the figure of a building, and second under the figure of a brotherhood.

1. *The Building.* Notice first the *Foundation.* It is Christ. He is the Chief Corner Stone, elect, precious and chosen of God. The prophets had spoken of a tried stone also, tested in every possible way to prove its fitness. Jesus was tried severely, to discover any possible flaw or weakness; for a cracked foundation would never do for a world like ours to lay its weight upon. Men tried him sorely—tested him, struck him hard. Did he break under the repeated blow? No! "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" Satan tested him, "He was led of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." Did he fail? No! "Tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin." On Calvary he was tested under blows that would have shivered the universe into a myriad of stones. Did the stone crack? No! Solid to the center, without flaw, adamatine through and through forever. There were other beautiful stones in human society, but none would do for foundation stones. There were other stones polished and finely colored, but they were not without flaw, and so must collapse under the weight of you and me and all mankind. At last God found a stone without a weak spot in it, strong enough to bear the world, and he said, "Behold, I lay this stone in Zion." He is called the Living Stone, a designation given to our Master, I think, only here. We find him often figured as the Rock, and often as the Life; but here the two ideas converge into one magnificent and gracious mystery —the Living Stone. The rich and vivid imagery bursts the bounds of nature! It gives us a stone instinct with a glowing consciousness of love. It is

no longer "it" but "He." He, the Stone, has heart, and eyes, and arms, and voice. He lives, all over and all through. His life pours out in tenderness to those who take refuge in his shadow, as when a mother comforteth; in compassion which does not so much condescend as share; in matchless fellowship with weakness, sorrow, remorse; in encircling fondness for a little child; in magnetic forgiving kindness for the damaged wanderer on the earth; in the skill of the experienced sufferer who can touch with joy the broken heart.

The Superstructure. The Apostle is not done. He has more to say of the same kind. The Living Stone is one; but there are many "living stones"—stones prepared, polished by grace, drawn to, and fitted upon, this sure Foundation. Built up thus on Christ we become a "spiritual house." Apart from him there can be no permanent social cohesion. "In him all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord."

The Service. Not only are the individuals to be thought of as polished stones, but also as priests within the temple. "A Holy priesthood." So there is a priesthood in the Christian church. It is not exclusive but inclusive. The whole body of believers form the Christian priesthood. As such we are privileged to offer up spiritual sacrifices. Under the law material sacrifices were required, such as oxen, sheep, goats, and doves; but under the gospel, only such sacrifices as proceed from a generous heart. We may offer our prayers, praises, exhortations, and other services; even our gifts of money may be offered in the spirit; but

we make our best sacrifices when, like the Corinthians, we "first give ourselves to the Lord."

2. *The Brotherhood.* This spiritual brotherhood is introduced as occupying, first, the place of the ancient chosen people of God, and, second, as substituting in the room of the Jewish priesthood, but with added dignity and higher privilege.

The People. "But ye are an elect race, a holy nation, a people for a possession." Notice the threefold designation: "an elect race," that is, a people of like descent or of same blood. And what is our origin? What is our pedigree? Here it is—"Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, who hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead."—"Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever." Truly we belong to the blood royal; aristocrats of eternity, we have a genealogy that begins at the beginning, not strangers or foreigners, but of the household of God. And also "a holy nation"—a people of like customs and living under the same laws. And what is our law of life and rule of conduct? Here is the answer. "As obedient children, not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts, in your ignorance; but as he who hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation; because it is written, "Be ye holy; for I am holy." Living under this "royal law" of liberty and holiness, we prove ourselves an holy nation. Once more, we are called "a people for a possession," or "a peculiar people," that is, a people of like destiny, a

people for God's possession, his very own; begotten by him "to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time."

The Priesthood. "A royal priesthood." Notice how Peter comes back again to the innermost kernel of privilege as he reverts in this second figure to the priesthood. Here it is a royal priesthood, such as belonged to Melchizedec who was both king and priest of the most high God. Endowed with the dignity of a "royal priesthood," with kingly prerogative we are to reign with Christ, upbringing the spirit in triumph over all those "fleshly lusts which war against the soul."

"Every tiger madness muzzled,
Every serpent passion killed,
Every grim ravine a garden,
Every blazing desert tilled."

In royalty we reign with Christ; as priests we exercise a ministry of intercession for the world; in doing both we are to "show forth his excellencies." The word "show forth" means to tell on the outside what takes place on the inside, to exhibit, to display. Turn to the 28th chapter of Exodus for a picture of the ministering priest. "And upon the skirts of the high priest's robe thou shalt make pomegranates of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, round about the skirts thereof; and bells of gold between them round about; a golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate, upon the skirts of the robe round about.

And it shall be upon Aaron to minister: and the sound thereof shall be heard when he goeth into the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out." Not while he stood behind the veil in the most holy place, but, when "he came out," that was the climax in the high priest's ministry. While he returned from intercession on behalf of the people, they waited, listening for the tinkling of the golden bells, and for the pronouncement of the divine benediction upon them: "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

It is interesting to note to what extent physical means were used to reach and impress the spiritual sense of the people. Appeal was made to the eye through the high priest's gorgeous robes, and the flashing splendor of his breastplate richly set with twelve precious stones. The sense of smell was reached with the pleasant fragrance of the rare anointing oil which had been poured on his head and garments; while the hearing was greeted with the mellow tones of the tiny golden bells that tinkled about his skirts. In like fashion ought the royal priesthood of these glorious gospel days to go out from the Lord's holy presence to meet a waiting and sin-weary world, radiant, robed, anointed with the divine anointing, and wrapped in unbroken spiritual melody. Thus should we go to "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour," and to "show forth the excellencies of him who hath called us out of darkness into his marvellous light."

THE GOSPEL OF THE HUMAN BODY

"Know ye not that your bodies are the members (limbs) of Christ?" "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" "Therefore glorify God in your body."—*I Cor.* 6:15, 19, 20.

The Biblical faith honors and exalts the body. There are types of religious thought, which treat the body as a thing of evil, or as a thing of nought, an illusion, a figment of the mind. The Bible will have nothing of either doctrine. It never—no, not in one word or hint—discredits the body, or identifies evil with matter. Far from speaking with dishonor of the body, it surrounds it with thoughts and utterances of reverence and sanctifying praise.

The body, in the Bible, is "fearfully and wonderfully made." All its members "were written in the book" of the supreme Designer before ever they came into concrete form. It is called the "golden bowl;" also an "earthen vessel," but as such it contains a treasure which is none other than "the light of the glory of God." To be sure it can be made the avenue of temptation through its misuse by the will, hence the warning that it must be "kept under and brought into subjection." Its proper use is to serve as the organ of all that is good and noble in human action. Its limbs are the instruments of God. While it exists here, mortal, corruptible, and destined to dissolve into

dust, that is no more its end than the chrysalis in the ground is the goal of the golden-winged butterfly.

The body is to be transfigured yet into a life and power immortal; it is to be the subject of a resurrection, perfectly mysterious but none the less definitely assured, and on the adequate guarantee that its Author "is able to subdue even all things unto himself." Since God is God, and because he is what he is, "why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" For the Christian consciousness, there is in this thought something more final even than the fact of the resurrection of our Lord. Behind the triumph of Easter morning stands the character of God.

Modesty would restrain me from speaking with positiveness in fields of knowledge and theory remote from my own studies, but I do rejoice with confidence and gratitude in some of the reported findings of natural science today, and among other impressions this—"that the ever advancing analysis of matter, developed to so wonderful a degree within the past few years, discloses an interior 'arcanum,' so to speak, in which the material is almost seen to rise and hover out of the spiritual, and what we know as mass can be spoken of very nearly as if it were after all but the embodiment of motion." Let us ask: Whence is that motion? What is that primal movement? Rather what is the primal mover? The reasoned and seasoned Christian answer is that it is the supreme Intelligence, infinite in attribute, personal in will; the Author and Basis and Bearer of the Universe; the

Father of Christ, and, through Christ, of ourselves. "In him we live, and move, and have our being." Let us trust him then, when he promises immortality not to the spirit alone, but to the body, which is the vesture and vehicle of the spirit. In the resplendent future which his promises unfold, not our mental and moral power only appears as everlastingly surviving, but the body, its vehicle and organ, is seen "fashioned like unto his glorious body." We need not stumble at the doctrine of the resurrection, for, as has been said by another, "the resurrection is a great creative act of God, a new influx from the world of spirit breaking into the world of time, and piercing its dreams." "The Lord's doing" is wondrous in our eyes. The shell of death is already broken. The body is set free.

> "It will last and shine transfigured
> In the final reign of Right;
> It will merge into the splendors
> Of the City of the Light."

This doctrine, which in its wholeness is uniquely Biblical, is made a mighty aid and argument for holy living—indeed it should serve as a firm defense against the tides of materialism which threaten the complete overthrow of spirituality. In the light of such a doctrine regarding the body, the gospel inculcates and illustrates the body's glorious possibilities of stainless virtue, and sets before us the ideal of so living in purity that we shall glorify God in our bodies all our days. Instead of yielding our bodies to be the instruments of sin, we may through them carry on a

continuous victory over materialism on its own field where our bodies necessarily move and live.

This appeal to holy living comes with great force when we are told that our bodies are the members, or limbs of Christ's body. One of Paul's greatest discoveries was that Christ is making his new body out of men—out of us. Already Christ had in human flesh clothed his transcendent personality, died in it an awfully human death, penetrated and conquered death in bodily resurrection, and had revealed himself alive in a glorified yet veritable humanity. Once again now, in this same vehicle of humanity, he reincarnates himself to carry out his mission and win still other victories equally grand. What an appeal that we should be careful of our bodies, their health, habits, cleanliness, and holiness, not abusing them or yielding them as the instruments of lustful desire, since the body is for the Lord and the Lord is for the body! "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." A great mystic of the fourteenth century said, "I would fain be to the eternal God what a man's hand is to a man, the organ through which he does his work in the world."

"Christ has no hands but our hands
To do his work today;
He has no feet but our feet
To lead men in the way;
He has no tongue but our tongue
To tell men how he died;
He has no help but our help
To bring them to his side."

How often we thwart this holy ideal in an effort to get some imagined benefit is illustrated in the words which Edwin Markham has put into the mouth of one of the Roman guards at Jesus' sepulchre. In remorse over his refusal to bear witness to the fact of Christ's resurrection he says:

> "Years have I wandered, carrying my shame;
> Now let the tooth of time eat out my name;
> For we, who all the wonder might have told,
> Kept silence, for our mouths were stopped with gold."

The sacred character of the Christian's body is taught again under the figure of the temple. "What? Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" This epistle was written from the city of Ephesus where was that famous temple of Diana which was reputed to be the world's greatest work of art. It was addressed to the church in Corinth, which city also was renowned for its splendid temples. In the construction of these beautiful and imposing sanctuaries, religion, patriotism, and genius were so combined that even the ruins of them remain today the envy and despair of modern art. But those magnificent edifices, though wonderful works of genius, were really not temples, for a temple is where the lamp of truth burns, where the spirit of goodness works, where the beauty of holiness is seen, where God is enthroned by faith and love. They were but splendid shells, elegant mockeries, sepulchres of dead gods; while the

humblest Christian slave in Corinth was the true temple, because God truly lived and moved in him.

When the Jews returned from the exile in Babylon to rebuild Jerusalem they began by first setting up the altar, but "the foundations of the temple were not yet laid." The temple was erected later, built around the altar. The altar stands for sacrifice. The temple is but the altar expanded. Without the altar the temple is empty and vain. First the altar; then the temple. First the sacrifice; then the service. "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." The Corinthian disciples "first gave their own selves to the Lord;" then they became temples of the Holy Ghost. The sacrifice expanded into the temple. Men have built temples to bring God down, to localize him and thus secure access to him; but it is not the place that holds God, it is the worshiper—"my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." You do not have to make a pilgrimage to find him; you may carry him with you.

Of Demetrius, the silversmith in Ephesus, it is said that he "made silver shrines for Diana." These shrines were models of the temple of Diana, containing an image of the goddess, and were purchased by pilgrims who came to worship in the temple. Thus they carried with them the temple and its deity. Not silver shrines holding a lifeless image, but living temples in which the true and living God dwelled, were those Corinthian Christians. To say that we are the temples of God is not to use a figure of speech. It is the temple of stone that is the figure; the reality is, that

the true dwelling-place of God is man. And as this is so, what a profanation is it when we take this body, built to be his temple, and lower it to uses which it is blasphemous to associate with his name. "Temple" signifies that which is detached, or cut off from that which is common and corrupt, and marked out for high and holy uses, not to be employed again for any service that is low, vulgar, profane, but to be kept holy, undefiled, and perfumed with the incense of sweet thoughts and prayers. In olden times the profanation of a temple was deemed worse than robbery, more shameful than adultery, more horrible than murder. But it is not worse than the profanation of our bodies which are the temples of the Holy Ghost. The Corinthians were once like the pagan temples by which they were surrounded, filled with unholy thoughts and evil desires; but Christ had bought them, swept them clean, filling every aisle and corridor and niche with memories of redeeming love, with pictures of glorious hope. Their prayers were to be as the sweet burning incense, their aspirations like painted windows facing eastward, their devout thoughts as ministering priests.

In the nineteenth chapter of Acts, the town clerk declared that the city of Ephesus was a worshiper of the great goddess Diana. The word "worshiper" as here used is worthy of notice. It means literally a "temple-sweeper." That is what we should be—"temple-sweepers," keeping ourselves cleansed and beautifully ordered for the Spirit's indwelling, as the Ephesians were proud to be called "temple-sweepers"

for Diana. In the days of Hezekiah the King there was a restoration of true worship in Jerusalem. And the priests went into the inner part of the house of the Lord to cleanse it, and brought out all the uncleanness that they found in the temple of the Lord. Then the king and the rulers and the people brought many sacrifices and offered them on the altar of the Lord. "And when the burnt offering began, the song of the Lord began also with the trumpets." In the life temple of many a Christian there are the accumulated defilements of many a neglectful year, the altar fires have died, and the music has long been hushed. What a work for the temple-sweepers—the work of cleansing, purifying the altar, and bringing in the sacrifices that belong to God; and so soon as the altar fires begin to burn the song of the Lord will begin, and all the trumpets of gladness will begin to echo throughout the long neglected temples.

At the dedication of the first temple in Jerusalem it came to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising the Lord, the house was filled with a cloud: "for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord." So may we be filled with the same glory as when a thin and delicately carved vase glows with the splendor of the light which it incloses. "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." Such are the Christian ideals held for our bodies. Capable of purity below and of immortality above, they should be the instruments for glorifying Christ now, even as

hereafter they shall be raised in deathless splendor and clothed in heavenly beauty.

"O Father! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
And mould it into heavenly forms."

THE SOUL'S OPEN WINDOWS

"Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime."—*Daniel* 6:10.

From exile and slavery Daniel rose to the post of highest influence under a monarch of the Babylonian Empire. This elevation to fame was not by any sudden leap. Through the reigns of three succeeding kings his character was proved to be so fine and consistent that he came at length to be the virtual ruler of the land. As he advanced to power he kept a clear head, a strong hand, and a pure heart. He came up through much testing and tempering. Each choice that he made pointed the way to fuller life and broader service. Life is made up of the decisions we reach—each choice lifting us up or pulling us down.

"When in the dim beginning of the years,
God mixed in man the rapture and the tears
And scattered through his brain the starry stuff,
He said, 'Behold! Yet this is not enough,
For I must test his spirit and make sure
That he can dare the vision and endure.

"'I will leave man to make the fateful guess,
Will leave him torn between the no and yes,

Leave him unresting till he rests in Me,
Drawn upward by the choice that makes him free—
Leave him in tragic loneliness to choose,
With all in life to win or all to lose.'"

In Daniel's career appear three stages of testing in each of which he rose superbly to make the higher choice: The trial of the flesh, the trial of the intellect and the trial of the spirit. They mark in order the epochs in Daniel's development.

The Trial of the Flesh. The curtain rises on a banquet hall in Babylon. Daniel dines with the rich in a city where the tables groan with luxuries and when it was the fashion to be dissipated. He joins the guests without joining in their revelry, he reins himself in, he avoids all excess; and goes out from the banquet as sober as he went in. He purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself. He resisted the temptation of physical appetite. He was temperate when it was considered "good form" to be intemperate. What he required was not self-restraint; it was courage. So far as the wine cup is merely a pleasure, it may be resisted without courage; but where its use is "good form," the case is very different. What is needed then is a brave heart, and no cheap substitute will suffice. It requires a daring man to say, "I decline to be in the fashion; I elect to stand alone." Daniel stood on the line of greatest resistance, where he had no choice but to dare. He chose to do right, though standing alone. He did dare and laid thereby the foundations of his brilliant career.

"To every man there openeth a high way and a low,
And every man decideth which way his soul shall go."

The Trial of the Intellect. This second scene opens in the quiet of Daniel's study where he is poring over a problem. Nebuchadnezzar, the king, has had a dream and has summoned the scholars to interpret it. If they fail they are to be put to death. Now, Daniel was a member of the Royal Society of Learning and, therefore, came under this threat of the king. I cannot imagine that Daniel feared greatly for his own life, but can easily think of him as fearing for the lives of others. He knew that upon his success in solving the problem of the king's dream depended not only his own safety but the lives of his fellows. His was not a personal fear but an anxiety for others. This is always a quickener of the judgment. Moved with concern for the security of others and relying upon the God in heaven that "revealeth secrets," he solved the problem of interpreting the king's dream. He met with triumph the test of thinking clearly for the benefit of others. He got rid of his own dread by becoming weighted with the dread for others. A sense of responsibility made him brave. Daniel's colleagues failed to do this. I think their trouble was lack of courage. They had the threat before them and it paralyzed them; it kept them from clear seeing. In my opinion in matters of practical judgment humanity errs less from want of intellect than from want of nerve. More prizes are lost through excitement than

through deficiency. More examinations are unsuccessful through fear than through unpreparedness. Hesitancy comes from timidity. We speak sharply when we are shy, and act foolishly when we are flurried. If we had more courage we would have more success.

The third stage in Daniel's testing was *the Trial of his Spirit.* It was distinctively a religious trial. Everything that heart could desire was at Daniel's command. He had risen to great prominence; a mansion was his dwelling. With lords and magnates he dined; but he was not quite satisfied; he was restless amid the sparkling splendor of an oriental court. He felt himself still a stranger in a strange land. From the heart of mighty Babylon his heart went out to a little land beyond the mountains. In his mansion Daniel had windows placed that looked toward the hills to Jerusalem beyond. His spirit kept winging away toward the homeland of his boyhood; he was an exile, not only from his fatherland, but from the temple of his fathers' God. The gorgeous glitter of Babylon could not rob him of his lofty patriotism. Religion in Babylon was shallow and sensuous. The pure, spiritual religion which had made Daniel's character so fine was very precious to him—above rubies, not to be purchased with gold. To gain the world and lose God and his soul would be poor business, and so Daniel held on to his faith even in Babylon.

Prompted by envy, the nobles of Babylon determined to bring about the downfall of this royal favorite. Unable to pick any flaw in him, they agreed

that his overthrow would be possible only on religious grounds. Three times a day he might be seen in the chamber whose windows looked out toward the hills of the homeland. Through those magic windows the peace of mystic communion flashed. Flattering the king, these jealous courtiers secured his signature to a decree by which they hoped to bring about the ruin of their hated superior. Thus they procured the passing of a law which enjoined on every man abstinence from prayer during the entire space of thirty days; the penalty was that every offender should be thrown into the den of lions. When Daniel knew that the decree was signed, making it unlawful to pray; being loyal in every fibre of his nature, he carried on as he had done before. He lived by principle, not by policy. He went into the chamber whose windows opened toward Jerusalem. There he committed himself to God. Kneeling upon his knees three times a day, he prayed to God in the freshness of the dawn, in the splendor of the noontide, and in the shadows of the evening.

There were, doubtless, many other windows in this man's house—some looking out on the city's market places; some on the delightful gardens, from which came breezes fragrant with odors of flowers and fruits; others still would face toward the shining domes of splendid palaces where scheming men plotted unscrupulously their wicked plans. He was a great statesman because he was a great believer in God. He was not ashamed to kneel and pray to his God before going out to deal with the affairs of state. Though prime minister of a great empire, he was not too

absorbed in its affairs to pray. William E. Gladstone, great statesman that he was, lived a life of prayer. Lord Armistead, who with a group of colleagues used to arrange little sea trips as restful excursions for themselves and their admired friend, said that when on board ship with Gladstone it often happened that many other members of the company had not the smallest inclination for devotion. But there was one who never missed the short daily service, who faithfully took his place whether any other joined him or not. It was the Grand Old Man. Daniel believed, and acted on the belief, that righteousness alone exalts a nation. When the day's work was over and the darkness fell, with eyes undimmed, and soul unsullied, he looked up in gratitude to God for his help and direction. He could plead for a divine blessing on the labors of each day, and go to his rest with a glad heart. The light that streamed into those prayer windows gave rectifying vision to this great man who had to bear the burden of thinking through Babylon's vexing problems. "He went three times a day, and prayed and gave thanks." Let me read you Anna Temple's poem, "The Kneeling Camel." It fits here beautifully.

"The camel at the close of day
Kneels down upon the sandy plain
To have his burden lifted off,
And rest to gain.

"My soul, thou too shouldst to thy knees
When daylight draweth to a close
And let thy Master lift thy load,
And grant repose.

"Else how canst thou tomorrow meet,
With all tomorrow's work to do,
If thou thy burden all the night
Dost carry through?

"The camel kneels at break of day
To have his guide replace his load;
Then rises up anew to take
The desert road.

"So thou shouldst kneel at morning dawn,
That God may give thee daily care;
Assured that He no load too great
Will make thee bear."

Through those open windows, before which Daniel knelt and prayed, his soul went back to the days and scenes of a childhood before he was carried in exile to a strange and distant land. Doubtless, he recalled the treasured instructions and prayers of his parents and the impressive worship to which they led him. The memory of such pristine experiences meant much in the life of the busy, burdened man. To recall thus the scenes and doings of childhood days is to be reminded of things deeply spiritual. When the Prodigal Son began to think of home he was near the point of starting back home.

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my
childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled
wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!"

Truly, we are not far from prayer—not far from God—when we throw open the casements of memory's windows and look back to those sweet, pure days of childish innocence and play.

Again, the open windows symbolize the faith of Babylon's prime minister,—his faith that beyond all the fleeting glory of the empire there was a more abiding kingdom. Through the open windows there came, wafted on the breeze, the light and the air from the true home of his soul. It created a clearer atmosphere for him. Back in Jerusalem was the center of the true worship, grievously neglected indeed, but still surviving in essence. In Jerusalem it had been declared that God is One and is worthy of man's homage because he is strong, and just, and good. We all reflect what we worship. Man is being made continually in the image of his god. Daniel was a great and good man because he worshiped a great and good God. In his love for, and fellowship with, the Unseen his faith was confirmed. He did not conceal his faith. Through those open windows he made open declaration of his faith in God. He could have prayed behind closed windows, but to do so would have been to smother his influence. "Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house."

Once more, those open windows reveal to us the superior estimate that Daniel set upon spiritual reality. Babylon was real, just as real as our business or our bank book. Jerusalem stood for things that had deeper meaning and more lasting worth. It was this fact that gave such admirable qualities to Daniel's character.

The thing that made Babylon truly great was the fact that Daniel was there with windows looking out toward Jerusalem. That which will redeem our country today from the foul quagmire of selfish materialism into which we are in danger of sinking is more men in politics and commerce, in industry and literature, in classrooms and social life, who are not ashamed to have windows open toward Jerusalem and kneel upon their knees before them. Neither business nor national life can endure without trustworthy character. Such character is only born of open windows that look beyond the hills of time to the imperishable realities of the spirit. Daniel knew this; and the king of Babylon knew it. No one in Babylon knew better than the king how splendid a thing it is to have a man of character holding the reins of empire, a man who will stand by moral principle and religious duty against all the bribery and polluting practices of corrupt men. Daniel was helping to transform Babylon. We shall help to transform the morals of the market-place and the character of the nation as we throw open the windows of our soul and welcome the air and the light streaming from the hills of God to strengthen and purify our inner life. Only thus can we be saved from faltering and compromising our loyalty to justice, and righteousness, and purity. Is there a window in your life looking across the valleys of time to the heights of eternity; a place in your life where you bow before God, and knowing his compassion and wisdom and love, humbly accept him as your Sovereign? To maintain such an inner assurance insures grace and beauty, and steadfastness of character.

"The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart,
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

Those windows reveal a belief in spiritual fellowship. Daniel prized his religion and kept it up to date. He communicated daily with his Headquarters. His prayer habit was fixed and regular, as necessary as morning, midday or evening meal. He believed in personal contact with God. He needed no human mediator. Like our Lord and Saviour, he delighted to do his Father's will. He kept his windows open toward Jerusalem, and there came a steady stream of light into his soul, and this light shone through him before men. Are our windows open toward the heavenly Jerusalem? Or have they been closed? For weeks? For months? Are we living behind dark, fast closed shutters? Have we allowed sin, or grief, or sickness, or evil desire, to bar our windows, excluding light and air? Are we smothered into sickliness behind these closed windows? Let us, as we commit ourselves to God, keep these windows open. In the morning, at noon, and at eventide may we be found kneeling there.

"Do you fear the foe will in the conflict win?
Is it dark without you—darker still within?
Clear the darkened windows, open wide the door,
Let a little sunshine in."

In home life things will go more sweetly when the purifying air and invigorating breezes from on high

cleanse the domestic circle of bitterness and discord. In business life, where difficulties confront with each coming day, a better tone, a purer atmosphere, a more exalting environment will prevail as we repair toward the open windows that look toward Jerusalem. And these open windows will help the man who is down to rise again; they will restore confidence to the disappointed and the embittered. They will help clarify the entire life of the community. By way of the open windows there shall come cleansing currents from the uplands of God, from the Holy City which hath foundations that cannot be shaken.

Those windows further suggest another and better life beyond the present. Daniel, kneeling before them, rejoiced in the rapture of the forward view. He who planted the instinct for fuller life in the heart of man will not fail to bring it to fruition. As southward-flying swallows find the warmer homes they instinctively seek, so seeking souls find a response in the love and fellowship of God. We feel that Daniel's open windows are but the Old Testament way of saying we look for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Exiled from his homeland when a child, Daniel was now about seventy-five years of age. Kneeling before the open windows, he prayed toward his beloved Jerusalem. In all probability he was never permitted to return to the city of his childhood; but when the hour of his releasement came we may be sure that his tried, purified spirit found its radiant way to that better Jerusalem home toward whose shining portals he had been facing during all his exiled years. The God who had defended and guided his

faithful servant would surely remain true to his character when the courageous spirit of Daniel left Babylon and all its bewitching allurements behind. For him the words must have been true which may be read on the monument that marks the grave of another exile, the homeless singer of "Home, Sweet Home":

"Sure when Thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched, God's angels said:
'Welcome to Heaven's Home, Sweet Home'."

RESURRECTION MORNING GLORIES

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to his great mercy begat us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who by the power of God are guarded through faith, unto a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time."—*I Peter* 1:3-5.

This must have been inspired by the memory of the moment when Peter first learned that his Lord had risen from the dead. It is easy to imagine that the chastened old apostle, living over again in holy revery the thrilling scenes of that far-away morning, is stirred to write this song of joy. As we think of him hastening in the morning light to the empty tomb, we recall Burnand's famous picture in which beats what Sidney Lanier has so beautifully called "the heart of haste." Together Peter and John are running at top-most speed. With backs turned upon the golden dawn, they seem to fly, drawn forward by spiritual gravitation, yet outdistanced by desire. Peter's locks flare to the wind, his cloak tosses behind, his mouth opens for breath, while his hand presses against a heart that would beat from his breast. They run by faith and not by sight, reaching out with their spirits. No better image than the gift of a new life could Peter find to describe the

restoration that came to him in the angel's message, "He is risen; go your way; tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you." Now, after long intervening years, we catch the echo of that announcement in the words of this text. At the empty grave of his Lord he takes his stand and proclaims, as he did on the day of Pentecost, the gospel of a mighty redemption and its connection with the resurrection.

The Birth at the Tomb; or the Resurrection of Jesus in Relation to Regeneration

1. The resurrection of Jesus typifies the new birth. Call it that, or give it any other name, it remains true that "except a man be born again he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." Christ's gospel is revolutionary. Nothing but turning the whole inside pollution out will do. Nothing but the expulsion of the old carnalities and the induction of an entirely new set of moral principles will satisfy. The old foundations are too rotten to build the new man on. They must be swept away and "if any man is in Christ, he is a new creation." It involves a fundamental change in the personality, breaking up as it were the constituents of our present personality, and recentering them, with the result of new values, new ideals, and new power. With him Paul agrees in linking regeneration with the Lord's resurrection, and goes on to show the likeness between the two—"Like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." He uses the significant ceremony of baptism to illustrate his truth. The man who had

accepted Christ stood by the river side or the baptismal pool, to confess his sin and seal his forgiveness. He went down into the water, and as Paul vividly says, "was buried" for a moment, and then rose to walk in newness of life. He came out of the water of baptism as Christ rose from his grave. Christ was no longer under the laws and conditions of his earthly life. He was freed from hunger and thirst and weariness and pain, and from the clog and impediment of the terrestrial body. So the quickened soul rose out of its dead state. He had broken with the past. He now lived under new conditions. He was called upon to "walk in newness of life."

2. The resurrection of Jesus reveals the power that operates in the new birth. Christ was dead, and all the known conditions were against his rising again. Nature was against it. Human reason was against it. Even love had no hope of it, for it had filled his tomb with a hundred pounds of myrrh and aloes and the women were coming with other precious spices—fragrant token of their despairing devotion. Religious, civil, and military power was against it—"the chief priests and the Pharisees were gathered together unto Pilate and he said: Ye have a guard; go, make it as sure as ye can. So they went and made the sepulcher sure, sealing the stone, the guard being with them." But there was a power that had not been taken into reckoning. "And behold, there was a great earthquake; for an angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled away the stone, and sat upon it. His appearance was as lightning, and his raiment white as snow; and for fear of him the

watchers did quake, and became as dead men." The real power in religion is unseen and indefinable. It cannot be encompassed by rule, displayed in an argument or marshalled in military pageant. It outstrips all these, even as the earthquake and the lightning transcended the soldier guards and the imperial seal.

The power that raised up Jesus is the power in regeneration. Resurrection and regeneration are alike the act of God. It is he who creates, and it is he who regenerates. He is the author of life, whether bestowed in creation, resurrection, or regeneration. Regeneration is not a department of the old life, but a departure into a new life. "Old things have passed away; all things have become new." The change is a change in the depths of personality, in the fountains of being. The life of God is transmitted to the soul of the believer in regeneration—not a life like it, or produced by it, but the identical life of God is communicated to the believing soul and throbs within it.

By our first birth we are partakers of human nature. By regeneration we are "partakers of the divine nature." We are thus elevated from the level of the natural to the level of the supernatural. Regeneration is the channel through which the divine flows in an increasing current into the human, till at last it dominates it completely. In the soul's renewal, it is God who is the originator and helper, present at every stage and in every movement, as the sun is present in the growth of the flower from the tightly closed bud to the full-blown rose.

"Thus it is written that Christ should suffer and rise again from the dead the third day and that repent-

ance and remission of sins shall be preached in his name." The crucifixion of Christ was necessary to bring about repentance. God's Son stepped into our social order and was put to death by it; thus condemning the world which man had built, national, political, economic. The crucifixion of Christ means, for those who have the vision of faith, the crucifixion of our world, its pleasure and power, its motive and basis, its briberies of riches and place and position, with all its pretence and vanity. Many people, even professing Christians, seem to imagine that Christ died only to confirm the world in its conventions; on the other hand there are many who, apart from Christ, have been forced to the conclusion that the world is wrong, that its social order is built upon injustice and that its governments are founded in force. They hate the world as they know it for its wrongs, but they can only displace one injustice by another, or appeal to force to overthrow force. The man who sees the world thus and then sees what it has done to Jesus Christ, the only perfect One who ever came to mend its woes, finds himself, with all the world involved in guilt; he discovers that our fundamental sins, our selfishness and our cowardice contributed to his crucifixion. When this vision reacts deep enough, self is crucified and repentance takes place.

But crucifixion alone is no proof that our sin is personally forgiven; it is rather a ghastly revelation of what our sin has done. The resurrection brings assurance of forgiveness. Not until Christ rose again from the dead, was remission of sins preached in his name. Christ rises to prove that he does forgive. Our mur-

dered friend comes back to assure us that he still loves us. Christ comes to us as he came back to the disciples —as he came back to Peter on the lake shore—he comes back with assurance of forgiveness, with a more powerful friendship, despite all our betrayal and cowardice and selfishness, building up in us, through gratitude, a new bond of union, and producing in our lives something analogous to his own resurrection power. Remission of sins is preached, that is, forgiveness of sins is proclaimed, in his name. It is the proclamation of the entire character of Jesus Christ, expressed in all his teaching, in his life and in his death. It means the proclamation of his resurrection, not merely as the survival of his personality, but that he has entered into the realm of ultimate spiritual dominion, in which he may be approached by us through what he has done and achieved. His "honorable name has been called upon us" (see James 2:7). His proclamation of sovereignty over our souls has gone forth. His banners have been set up in the high places of our being. It means nothing less than that the living personality of Christ becomes the center and vital reinforcement of the human soul.

The Birthright That Reaches Beyond the Tomb; or the Prospects and Possibilities of the Regenerate Life

Into what sort of life are we born? What is our heritage? As this resurrection song proceeds, in accompaniment to the unveiling of the splendors of redeeming grace, the Apostle tells us that we are

begotten, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, "unto a living hope;" "unto an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away;" "unto a salvation ready to be revealed." Three lovely flowering plants springing from the tomb of the risen Lord for the delectation of the children of light.

1. The Living Hope. It is a strong vigorous hope which carries its certitude in its own heart. There are hopes that are ineffective and false. Here is one that is vital. When Jesus was born there was but little hope in the world. The nations were sitting in darkness; the race was covered with gloom. The Sadducees, who were the dominant sect in Judea, did not believe in a resurrection or a life of any sort after death. In the pagan world the masses of the people were sunk in ignorance and thoughtlessness, while the wise men, philosophers, and poets were "without hope and without God in the world." Hope was dead, and pessimism was everywhere rampant. "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die," was the doctrine of despair everywhere proclaimed. It was a dark, comfortless world. Mothers, weeping at the graves of their children, refused to be comforted, because there was no comfort to be offered. But "to them that sat in the valley and shadow of death light sprang up."

"And as, in sparkling majesty, a star
Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud;
Brightening the half-veiled face of heaven afar;
So, when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,
Sweet Hope! celestial influence round me shed,
Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head."

So sang John Keats whose young melodious life was cut short in premature death. As I stood by his grass-covered grave and read on the modest slab the pathetic epitaph, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water," I thought the mournful marble seemed bright with the light of that "sparkling star" of hope which gilded the "gloomy cloud" of his life of sorrow and pain. It is that same light that will shine through our glooms and across our graves until the dawn of the perfect day.

No wonder the apostle reverts so often to the fact of the Savior's resurrection. Try to imagine what it meant in his own life, and what it means to all the world. To it we owe the triumph of spirit over matter, of life over death, of hope over despair. It was the turning point in the history of the race. Surely God then opened a door of hope to a condemned and self-destroyed world and the golden hinge on which it was hung in the blessed Gospel of the Resurrection.

"'Tis the spring of souls today:
Christ hath burst his prison,
From the frost and gloom of death
Light and life have risen.
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark is flying
From his light to whom we give
Thanks and praise undying."

2. The Fadeless Inheritance. "Unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." With our regeneration we become heirs to a glorious spiritual estate. "And if children, then heirs; heirs of

God, and joint heirs with Christ." Most children in an earthly sense are born to poverty, destitution, and hard toil, and many to squalor, filth, and shame. But the greatness of God's mercy is shown in the rich provision he has made for the sustenance and happiness of those whom he has begotten again. The inheritance is "incorruptible." The inheritances of earth are corruptible and often corrupting. They have in them the elements of decay. The greater part of the Scriptures up to the account of our Lord's resurrection is a record of lost inheritances, brightened here and there with promises of an inheritance to be regained. But here is an inheritance undefiled—forever untouched by taint or decay. It has no corruption within, it will suffer no defilement from without. No fluctuation in the market can in any way harm it or depreciate its value. Its worth is intrinsic. Its value is the same now and forever. And this blessed inheritance is one that "fadeth not away"—amaranthine—that is the meaning. Earthly inheritances are not always green—not always what we would desire. But this inheritance is beyond the blight of winds and frosts. The leaf never fades. Time does not breathe on its fadeless bloom. No graves are dug on its ever-green hills. No sin enters its domain. "And God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes."

"There everlasting spring abides
And never fading flowers."

In one of the finest passages of "Sesame and Lilies" Ruskin discusses that great saying in the Sermon on the Mount about the treasures of earth which are so

easily lost; and he names the treasures of the court, which moths destroy; the treasures of the camp which rust defiles; and the treasures of the counting house, which thieves despoil. The moth, the rust, and the thief. They attack the inheritances of earth. But the great essayist argues well that there must be a fourth order of treasure—a web made fair in the weaving and which no moth can injure and an armor forged in fire divine that no rust can corrode, and a gold mined in the very sun's red heart that no thief can steal. Such is the treasure which Jesus offers as the "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away—reserved in heaven for you." It is surer than all the reserve banks ever established. Man's first inheritance was given to him and he was commanded to keep it. "And Jehovah God took the man and put him into the Garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it." But the man did not keep it—he lost it and lost himself with it. But this new inheritance is reserved in heaven for us "who are kept by the power of God," the power by which we are to be completely delivered from the curse of thorns, the ruin of sin, and the dominion of death.

3. A Full Future Salvation. "Unto a salvation about to be revealed." Salvation has three characteristics—past, present, future. We were saved from the penalty of sin when by faith we looked to Jesus and accepted him. We are being saved from the power of sin by the indwelling, sanctifying Spirit, who reveals to us the things of Christ and makes the truth dominant in our lives. We shall be saved from the presence of sin when Christ "shall appear a second time, apart from sin, to them that wait for him unto salvation."

This is the salvation meant when Paul says, "For now is our salvation nearer to us than when we first believed." This is the salvation that is "ready to be revealed" at the "revelation of Jesus Christ," when our bodies of humiliation shall be made like unto his own glorious body, and death shall be swallowed up in victory. Our salvation is to be revealed when Christ is revealed, or makes his appearing—just as certain flowers bloom at the appearance of the sun. "Your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."

The fact that this inheritance is ours now should be a mighty controlling influence in our lives, renewing the soul's impulses, restoring affections and powers, and purging the body, not only of its grossness, but of its well-nigh incurable infirmities, until the redeemed man feels—

> "through all this fleshly dress
> Bright shoots of everlastingness."

The heroes of faith catalogued in the eleventh of Hebrews saw dimly the eternal inheritance which we see with the clearness of faith; they saw the promises "afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them." What if they had seen them as we see them today! Had Abraham, ascending his hill of Moriah, found the Cross uplifted on its summit; or had Jacob, drawing water from the well he had dug, found the Stranger sitting on its stones; or had Moses on Sinai's height, gazed into the face of the transfigured Son of God; or David, weeping for his dying child, had met

the risen Lord in the Garden on that first Easter morning, what a gate of life would have opened before them all and what floods of glory would have filled their souls! There would have been no need for Abraham to make a sacrifice. Jacob's thirst would all have been quenched. Moses would have summed up all his laws in one glad call to love. David would have dried his tears and swept his harp to a high resurrection song. A new light would have brightened their minds, a new peace have calmed their consciences, and an uprush of crucified desires have found expression in their lives. Since all this is ours, what manner of lives ought we to live!

At the grave of their mother, a family of children planted morning glories which yearly spring up in a mass of verdant beauty, climbing over the rose bushes and enwrapping the marble monument. In the summer morning hours a multitude of glory-buds burst into variegated splendor, facing the rising sun and with a variety of gorgeous colors challenging the changing hues of the rainbow itself. The morning glories bloom in the rosy-tinted dawn and greet with open faces the splendors of the rising sun. So shall we rise in flowering radiance, we who are inheritors of that salvation ready to be revealed at the glorious appearing of Jesus Christ, whom having not seen, we love, and in whom we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

THE UNIVERSAL CHORUS

Psalm 148.

As by the rhythmic movement of his golden baton the director guides the members of a great orchestra in their performance, so the author of this psalm, impersonating the worshiping Church, appears as the leader of the adoring universe while he calls upon all creatures in heaven and on earth to unite in the joyous commotion of praise to Jehovah. And he calls not only upon everything in heaven and on earth, that stands with him in fellowship of thought and freedom, to praise God, but also upon sun, moon, and stars; water, fire, and air, with snow, hail, and mist; also mountains, trees, beasts, yea creeping things and winged fowl. He boldly summons the whole of creation to join the universal chorus.

"O Earth! Thou has not any wind that blows
Which is not music; every weed of thine
Pressed rightly flows in aromatic wine;
And humblest hedge-row flower that grows,
And every little brown bird that doth sing,
Hath something greater than itself, and bears
A living word to every living thing,
Albeit holds the message unawares.

All shapes and sounds have something which is not
Of them: a spirit broods amid the grass;
Vague outlines of the Everlasting Thought
Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;
The touch of an eternal presence thrills
The fringes of the sunsets and the hills."

How may we explain this desire to draw things without life and volition into this concert of angels and men? Rightly understood, the summons proceeds from the wish that every creature may become the echo and reflection of the divine glory which God bestows upon his people in their redemption through grace. The psalmist bases his call in the fact that the Lord "exalteth the horn of his people, even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him." This he did when they were gathered together again out of exile and Jerusalem was risen once more out of its ruins. This grand conception is grounded in the great truth that the way through suffering to glory, which God's people are treading, has as its goal the glorifying of God in and by all creatures, and that creation, transformed at last into the likeness of glorified humanity, will become the clear mirror and echo of a veritable myriad-voiced hymn of praise. To this view Paul gives a very clear expression, from the Gospel standpoint, when he declares that the whole creation groans and travails in pain together while "waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God."

Marked for its bold and poetic rapture the psalm falls into two broad divisions, in the former of which heaven, and in the latter earth, are invoked to praise Jehovah. The call begins with the highest and extends

to the remotest. The angels, as conscious beings, are the chorus-leaders; these are followed by the hosts who are likewise obviously angels, probably including the principalities and powers in heavenly places. Isaiah describes the worshiping seraphim as they cried one to another in the temple, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory"; while Luke, in his story of Jesus' birth, says, "And suddenly there was with the angels a multitude of the heavenly host praising God."

The sun, moon and stars, of which the psalmist knew nothing but that they burn with light and roll in silence through space, are bidden to break the solemn stillness that fills the daily and nightly sky. Their story is told in Addison's great hymn on the Nineteenth Psalm.

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

"Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole,

* * * * * * *

Forever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine'."

Fain would the singer send his voice whither his eye cannot reach, even to "the heavens of heavens," the vast spaces far beyond where his knowledge extended but where his imagination was free to roam. It is absurd to look for astronomical accuracy in such poetry as this; but a singer who knew no more about sun, moon, and stars, and depths of space, than that they were all God's creatures and in their silence praised him, knew and felt more of their true nature and charm than does he who knows everything about them except these facts. With the same devoutness we may with profit carry on our modern research in the field of astronomy and in all other fields of scientific quest. Think about how great God is and how great are his works that praise him! If the ring upon a girl's finger be taken as the orbit of the earth, 180,000,000 miles in diameter, the nearest fixed star would be twenty miles distant; and the mass of the heavenly bodies scores of hundreds of miles still farther away. Think of the 1,400,000,000 million heavenly bodies scattered through the celestial galaxy whose diameter is computed to be 1,700,000,000,000,000,000 miles across! The Creator's praises are boldly urged through all these regions and domains. The reasons assigned for the praises of the heavens of heavens are three: God's creative act—"he commanded and they were created"; his sustaining power—"he hath established them forever"; and his unfailing control—"he hath made a decree which shall not pass."

Coming back to what the ancient cosmography called "the waters above the heavens," which had the firmament for their floor, he exhorts these also to praise the

Lord. This is the region of the clouds and here we, as well as the ancients, behold some of the most inspiring natural phenomena, such as the rainbow and the splendors of sunrise and sunset, which have often moved us to reverence and worship. Here again I call one of the modern poets to join the cosmic chorus with that lovely little lyric, "God is at the Anvil."

"God is at the anvil, beating on the sun;
Where the molten metal spills,
At his forge among the hills
He has hammered out the glory of a day
that's done.

"God is at the anvil, welding golden bars;
In the scarlet-streaming flame
He is fashioning a frame
For the shimmering silver beauty of the
evening stars."

The summons to the earth begins with the lowest places, just as that to the heavens began with the highest. The author knew but little of the uncouth forms that might wallow in ocean's depths, but, unlike other ancients who thought the seas were peopled with horrible demon-like monsters, he was sure that even the dragons were God's good creatures and he calls on them for praise. How grandly the call to "all deeps" is echoed in these noble lines by Byron:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's
form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze or gale or storm,

Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving, boundless, endless and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,
alone."

And even the dragons are urged to join the chorus. In such unexpected sources melody may be drawn out and beauty discovered. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner was at first repelled by the horrid reptiles which he saw, but later found a voice with which to bless them as the praiseful creatures of God.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white;
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware."

From the ocean the psalm rises into the air, before it settles down on the earth. Five phenomena are addressed: fire, hail, snow, vapour, and stormy wind. These natural forces are the messengers and servants

of God and have contributed to the life and comfort of men. But frequently they are destructive. What ravages have been wrought by fire, what destruction by hail, what sufferings have been caused by snow, how many deaths and wrecks at sea by the dread fogs, what complete devastation and horrible ruin have been left by the relentless wind! Yet, when this gracious poet wishes that they all may join with other creatures in the praise of God, he looks away from the fact that they frequently become destructive powers entailing hardships upon men, and thinks only of their grandeur and of their belonging to the created universe, which is destined to glorify God and to be glorified itself.

Next the solid earth, as represented by sky-piercing mountains and undulating hills, is invoked to praise. The singer was the precursor of all those who have been moved to worship by the grandeur of mountains, as Coleridge in his "Sunrise Hymn in the Vale of Chamounix." Hear him as he looks upon the ice-falls and frozen cataracts:

"Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living
flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome
voice!
Ye pine-groves, with soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!"

"Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

"Thou too, hoary Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices praises God."

All vegetable life as represented by the fruit-bearing and forest trees; animals in their order, both wild and domestic; the lowest worm that crawls and the light-winged bird that soars—these all have voices to praise God. Yes, there is melody in the low places where the crickets and their neighbors orchestrate their Creator's praises, and even in the forms of still lower life, for

"'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the red breast's mellowing tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There always, always something sings."

And truly his challenge to the flying fowl goes not unheeded. Let Shelley's Skylark lead the strain:

"Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

"In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

"The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

"Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now."

The song has been steadily rising in the scale of being, from inanimate to animated creatures—from ocean slime to skylark—and at last it calls on man, in whom creation's praises become vocal and conscious. All men, without distinction of rank, age, or sex, have the equal obligation and privilege of worship. Kings are never so kingly as when they cast their crowns before the King of kings and Lord of lords. Judges are wise when they sit as his representatives—his fear in their hearts, his law on their lips. The vital vigor of youth is purest when used with remembrance of the Creator; the maiden's voice is sweetest in hymns to Jehovah's name. The memories and feebleness of old age are sanctified and strengthened by reliance on God who can renew failing powers and illumine sad remembrances; and the child's opening faculties are saved

from strain and distortion by seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. "The young man's strong bass, the maiden's clear alto, the old man's quivering notes, the child's fresh treble, should blend in song." In the heavens the song began with the angels; on the earth with kings; but it ends with the children out of whose mouths comes "perfected praise."

The motive of the call addressed to all creatures to raise a Hallelujah of praise is found in the grace which God has shown to his people in "exalting their horn." The Israel of the exile had lost its horn, that is, its reputation and standing among other nations. Now God has again given them "a horn," and indeed a high one, in that he has helped them to recover their position of independence and power among the nations. Hence this call to praise is not only based on the revelation of God in nature, but on that higher revelation of his dealings with men. This whole psalm is forward looking and is richly colored with the Christian spirit. If God is revealed in nature, he is more gloriously revealed in grace. The God of nature and the God of grace are one. His perfect revelation is in his Son.

"Down through the spheres there came the Name
of One
Who is the Law of Beauty and of Light.
He came, and as he came the waiting Night
Shook with gladness of a day begun;
And as he came, he said: 'Thy Will be Done
On Earth'; and all his vibrant words were white
And glistening with silver, and their might
Was of the glory of a rising sun."

"In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins; who is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature: for by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by him and for him: and he is before all things, and by him all things consist. And he is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead: that in all things he might have the preeminence. For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell: and, having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, I say, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven." Christ was no afterthought or appendage to the eternal order of things; rather he is the Interpreter of the universe and offers the only explanation of its meaning. He is the source of praise and the subject of worship.

"I see His blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of His eyes,
His body gleams amid the eternal snows
His tears fall from the skies.

"I see His face in every flower;
The thunder and the surging of the winds
Are but His voice—and carven by His power
Rocks are but His written words.

"All pathways by His feet are worn,
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn
His cross is every tree."

The 148th psalm is only the recitative of the universal oratorio in which the notes of grace are touched but faintly. These must be sounded in full diapason before we can know the triumph of their richness and glory, or catch the meaning of all things reconciled, "whether they be things in earth or things in heaven." We hear them all full and complete in the following description of the final consummation of nature and grace:

"And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne . . ., saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever. . . . After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. . . . These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." "And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps: And they sung as it were a new song before the throne. . . . And in their

mouth was found no guile: for they are without fault before the throne of God." "And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire: and them that had gotten the victory . . . stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God. And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."